COUNTDOWN TO NOVEMBER 7

The Nation.

NED LAMONT

VS.

JOE LIEBERMAN

ROUND TWO by BRUCE SHAPIRO

GUARDIAN OF THE BALLOT BOX
by ANDREW GUMBEL

NOVEMBER 6, 2006
www.thenation.com

THE WAR AND THE ELECTIONS
THE EDITORS

ALSO
WHITE-COLLAR WORKERS UNITE
BARBARA EHRENREICH AND TAMARA DRAUT

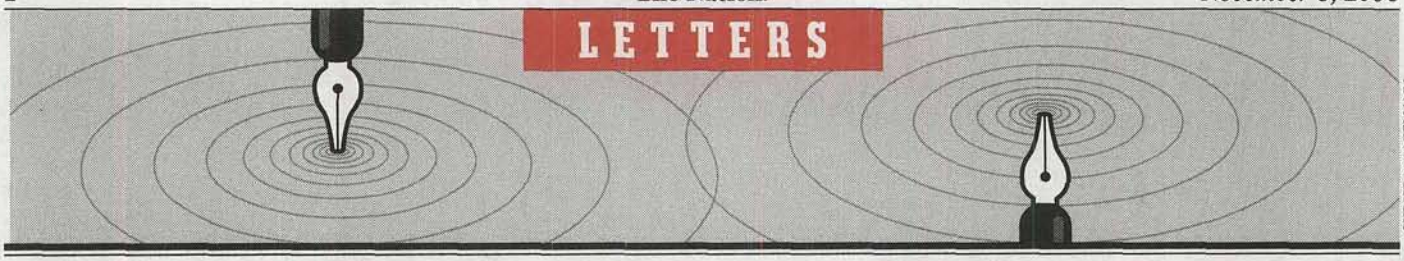
Nation T-Shirts, Mugs, Buttons & Books
Visit www.thenationmart.com
Use Coupon Code CV1106 for 10% off

#BXNKBXM **********AUTO** 5-DIGIT 94301
#UNZ0555B096 1#302604 TW

FEB 05 07
RON K UNZ USPA
555 BRYANT ST 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704 P0013

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS



CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

NARAL, WFP FOLLOW PLAN GOP

Washington, DC

■ Katha Pollitt missed some key points in her analysis of how choice is playing in the midterm elections ["Subject to Debate," Oct. 9]. She's right that NARAL Pro-Choice America will play an integral role in many key races but wrong to suggest this electoral plan is self-defeating. It's exactly the opposite. Our political action committee, which makes decisions on which candidates to endorse, comprises Democrats, Republicans and Independents from across the country. This board has authorized nearly $500,000 in direct contributions in this election cycle to 117 dynamic prochoice incumbents and challengers from both parties.

As I explained to Pollitt during our phone conversation, NARAL Pro-Choice America (and the board that makes our PAC decisions) supports candidates based on their individual records of support for a woman's right to choose—not their party label. Yes, at this moment Congressional Democrats vote prochoice more often than incumbent Republicans. But as we all know in politics, the game board always changes. If you look at our generic vote count in the House, even if the Democrats take back control by a slim margin, without prochoice Republican votes there are more than enough antichoice Democrats to continue passing antichoice amendments and bills. The antichoice movement knows this and over the years has cultivated antichoice Republican *and* Democratic lawmakers. Should we be shortsighted and ignore the important and critically needed votes of prochoice Republicans?

Representatives Nancy Johnson and Rob Simmons, both mentioned by Pollitt, have consistently stood up to antichoice leaders in their party and voted to support women's freedom and privacy. In fact, both have served as leaders of the Congressional Pro-Choice Caucus. They have never shied away from expressing their prochoice convictions. Without question, they have earned our endorsement.

Also, Pollitt gives too much weight to Connecticut when discussing how party control could switch in Congress. We can gain the fifteen seats we need for a prochoice House if Johnson and Simmons are re-elected.

The list below includes seventeen races in which we are supporting prochoice challengers against antichoice incumbents or prochoice challengers in open seats currently held by antichoice members. Yes, they're all prochoice Democrats, who earned our endorsement under the same standards Johnson and Simmons did: Ellen Simon, Harry Mitchell, Ed Perlmutter, Ron Klein, Tammy Duckworth, Bruce Braley, Paul Aronsohn, Linda Stender, Attorney General Patricia Madrid, Kirsten Gillibrand, Mike Arcuri, Dan Maffei, Mary Jo Kilroy, Lois Murphy, Adm. Joe Sestak, Patrick Murphy, Darcy Burner. So, if fifteen of these seventeen candidates win in November, we could have a prochoice House that includes members of both parties. Given their records, Johnson and Simmons will continue, if re-elected, to cross party lines to support prochoice legislation.

Katha, we appreciate your consistent advocacy for women's reproductive freedom. We hope you'll consider giving some ink to many of the prochoice candidates I have mentioned. With so much at stake in this election, we all can agree that our energy now needs to be directed at insuring their success in November.

NANCY KEENAN, *president*
NARAL Pro-Choice America

Brooklyn, NY

■ We were disappointed to see the usually on-target Katha Pollitt lump the Working Families Party with single-issue groups that reflexively endorse Republicans. As Pollitt knows, labor and progressives had been pushing a hike in New York's $5.15 minimum wage for years, but it was always blocked in the Republican-led State Senate. After five years of work, the WFP and its allies won a $2 per hour increase. The Republican senator who helped make that possible won our support, as did many Democrats who also played an integral role.

As the late, great Jack Newfield wrote (in the July 20, 2004, *New York Sun*), the minimum-wage increase marked "the culmination of a four-year crusade by the 6-year-old Working Families Party to better the living conditions of 700,000 New York State residents trapped in the low-wage world. Never before has a new political party made such an impact on statewide public policy." As Newfield understood, we didn't endorse Senator Spano for leverage; we did it so that "700,000 working stiffs will have a slightly better life."

Look, there are many, many reasons to look forward to a Democratic–Working Families majority in the New York State legislature sometime in the next few years. But there are also reasons to want to improve the lives of low-income New Yorkers right now.

It's also worth pointing out, since Pollitt is one of the most important feminist voices in the country, that she missed an important feminist angle of this battle. The majority of low-wage workers are women. They work part-time more than men, and they tend to have worse benefits (sick pay, vacation, pensions, etc.) as well. According to an article I read recently, "single women with children are most likely to declare bankruptcy."

Pollitt is free to disagree with all of this. But if she thinks an extra seat for the Democratic minority was worth giving up the minimum wage hike, she needs to make that argument. Politics is full of tough decisions, and we sometimes make mistakes. But this one seemed then, and seems now, like a decent judgment call.

We welcome criticism from smart progressives like Pollitt—but first they have to acknowledge that in real-world politics it sometimes takes hard choices to get real results. The WFP has a pretty good track record, and we hope that *Nation* readers who live in New York (or Connecticut) will recognize that by voting on the WFP line in November. DAN CANTOR

Executive director
Working Families Party

HOW NOW, BROWN?

Cincinnati

■ John Nichols's October 2 "What Can Sherrod Brown Do for the Democrats?" captured our future senator well—sharp as a whip, a truly compassionate listener, full of good new ideas. Nichols left out that he is a feisty fighter, running rebuttal ads *three* days after the first negative spots ran (Senator Kerry, take note). Nichols also didn't mention Sherrod's smart, wonderful wife, Connie Schultz, a Pulitzer Prize winner for her columns in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*, who is campaigning with him. Worst of all, the illustration makes Sherrod look like he has a skin disease! To see how good-looking he really is, go to www.sherrodbrown.com. Please!

KATHY FRYER HELMBOCK

Seattle

■ John Nichols touts Sherrod Brown as a principled, gutsy, nearly flawless progressive who should serve as a role model for Democrats. On September 27, Representative Brown broke ranks with most of his House Democratic colleagues and voted with Republicans for the "enemy combatants" bill—a mild term for legislation that essentially abandons the rule of law and diminishes our nation's moral standing in ways too monumental to fully grasp. I understand Nichols's quest for progressive leaders to help guide Democrats to the victory we all seek, but I wonder what he thinks of Brown now. BEVERLY MARCUS

WAR CRIMINALS ON TRIAL

Burlington, Vt.

■ Thank you for publishing Geoff Pingree and Lisa Abend's "Spanish Justice," an informative

(Continued on Page 22)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRINTED OCTOBER 18 VOLUME 283, NUMBER 15

IN THIS ISSUE

2 **LETTERS**

EDITORIALS & COMMENT

3 THE WAR AND THE ELECTION

4 DOWNSIZED BUT NOT OUT
Barbara Ehrenreich & Tamara Draut

5 RICH'S STEALTH CAMPAIGN
Peter Schrag

8 IN FACT...

COLUMNS

6 DEADLINE POET
A Short History of "Cut and Run"...
Calvin Trillin

9 BEAT THE DEVIL
The Myth of Microloans
Alexander Cockburn

10 SUBJECT TO DEBATE
Show Him the Money
Katha Pollitt

ARTICLES

11 LAMONT VS. LIEBERMAN, ROUND TWO
Bruce Shapiro

14 SNAP!
Sam Graham-Felsen

16 GUARDIAN OF THE BALLOT BOX
Andrew Gumbel

20 THE MORAL MINIMUM
Sasha Abramsky

BOOKS & THE ARTS

23 MUSIC: Steve Reich
David Schiff

29 MENDELSOHN: The Lost: A Search for Six of Six Million
Gideon Lewis-Kraus

32 FILMS
Forty-Fourth New York Film Festival
Stuart Klawans

Cover by Gene Case & Stephen Kling/ Avenging Angels; illustrations by Christoph Niemann and Ryan Inzana

EDITORIALS

The War and the Election

Four years ago at this time, Minnesota Senator Paul Wellstone was winning his campaign for re-election, despite having been targeted by Karl Rove and the most ruthless GOP political operation in history. The race had been tight until October, when the White House engineered House and Senate votes authorizing force in Iraq. Urged by fellow Democrats to take the safe way out, Wellstone instead voted no and declared: "I know the conventional wisdom among Republicans is that this is the issue that will do [me] in. But I think people want you to do what you think is right." As it turned out, Wellstone was correct: He quickly opened a lead in the polls and was headed toward victory when a plane crash robbed the Democratic Party of its conscience.

Democrats have struggled ever since—with especially dire consequences in the 2004 presidential election—to articulate a smart and effective opposition to the war. As campaigning began for the 2006 Congressional elections, the need for more clarity and resolve led this magazine to declare: "We will not support any candidate for national office who does not make a speedy end to the war in Iraq a major issue of his or her campaign."

New confirmation of the importance of ending the Iraq War has come recently with the release of two studies of its staggering costs. A September survey by the University of Maryland's Program on International Policy Attitudes found that 78 percent of Iraqis believe the US military presence is "provoking more conflict than it is preventing." Far from wanting American troops to "stay the course," as George W. Bush and his circle of true believers assert, Iraqis recognize that the occupation is contributing to their country's crisis. The extraordinary depth of that crisis was suggested by another study, this one from the Johns Hopkins Bloomberg School of Public Health in Baltimore, working with Al Mustansiriya University in Baghdad, which estimated the Iraqi death toll since the US invasion and occupation at 655,000—a dramatically higher figure than had been previously given.

The United States is in a different place now than it was when Wellstone cast his courageous vote: The war went forward, and the issue now is how to end it as quickly as possible. While far too many Democrats try to have it both ways, criticizing the President but not calling forthrightly for an end to hostilities, conscientious candidates in races across the country are demanding just such action. Over the months we have identified a number of these candidates. This past spring, for example, we noted the tough antiwar challenge that Californian Marcy Winograd was mounting to incumbent Jane Harman; we also applauded former NAACP head Kweisi Mfume's strong antiwar position in a Maryland US Senate primary. These challenges weren't successful, but others were.

Antiwar candidates on the ballot in November range from likely winners such as Keith Ellison in Minnesota and John Sarbanes in Maryland, both of whom won tight Democratic primaries for open House seats by promising to kick-start their party on the war issue, to the longest of long shots, like Wisconsin Green Rae Vogeler, who's mounting an antiwar challenge to wishy-washy Democratic Senator Herb Kohl, and Maine Democrat Jean Hay Bright, who's keeping the heat on supposedly moderate GOP Senator Olympia Snowe. Other antiwar candidates include Senate challengers Ned Lamont in Connecticut and Jon Tester in Montana and House challengers such as New Jersey's Linda Stender, Pennsylvania's Joe Sestak and Patrick Murphy, and Connecticut's Diane Farrell, whose antiwar messages have helped them pull even with entrenched GOP incumbents. Their strong polls suggest that ending the war resonates not just with Democrats but also with swing voters, and even some Republicans.

As the election approaches, we will continue to bring attention to antiwar candidates on our website (www.thenation.com) and urge readers to support them. As we stated in our editorial of last year, "We firmly believe that antiwar candidates, with the other requisite credentials, can win the 2006 Congressional elections, the 2008 Democratic presidential primaries and the subsequent national election. But this fight, and our stand, must begin now."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT

The Nation.

EDITOR & PUBLISHER: Katrina vanden Heuvel

PRESIDENT: Teresa Stack

MANAGING EDITOR: Karen Rothmyer
LITERARY EDITOR: Adam Shatz
EXECUTIVE EDITOR: Betsy Reed
SENIOR EDITORS: Richard Lingeman, Roane Carey
WEB EDITOR: Joan Connell
COPY EDITOR: Judith Long
ASSISTANT COPY EDITOR: Mark Sorkin
COPY ASSOCIATE: Lisa Vandepaer
ASSISTANT TO THE EDITOR: Peggy Suttle
ASSISTANT LITERARY EDITOR: Christine Smallwood
INTERNS: Max Fraser, David Hadden, Thaddeus Kromelis, Peter J. Krupa, Michael McCutcheon, Lee Norsworthy, Ali Sethi, Juhi Sonrexa (*Washington*), Beccah Golubock Watson

WASHINGTON, DC: EDITOR: David Corn; CORRESPONDENT: John Nichols

NATIONAL AFFAIRS CORRESPONDENT: William Greider

COLUMNISTS: Eric Alterman, Alexander Cockburn, Naomi Klein (*on leave*), Katha Pollitt, Patricia J. Williams, Gary Younge

DEPARTMENTS: *Architecture*, Jane Holtz Kay; *Art*, Arthur C. Danto; *Corporations*, Robert Sherrill; *Defense*, Michael T. Klare; *Environment*, Mark Hertsgaard; *Films*, Stuart Klawans; *Legal Affairs*, David Cole; *Peace and Disarmament*, Jonathan Schell; *Poetry*, Grace Schulman; *United Nations*, Ian Williams; *Deadline Poet*, Calvin Trillin

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS: Kai Bird, Robert L. Borosage, Stephen F. Cohen, Marc Cooper, Mike Davis, Slavenka Drakulić, Robert Dreyfuss, Susan Faludi, Liza Featherstone, Thomas Ferguson, Doug Henwood, Max Holland, Molly Ivins, John Leonard, Michael Moore, Richard Pollak, Joel Rogers, Kirkpatrick Sale, Robert Scheer, Herman Schwartz, Ted Solotaroff, Edward Sorel, Gore Vidal, Jon Wiener, Amy Wilentz, Art Winslow

CONTRIBUTING WRITERS: Ari Berman (*Washington*), Bob Moser, Eyal Press, Scott Sherman

BUREAUS: *London*, Maria Margaronis and D.D. Guttenplan; *Southern Africa*, Mark Gevisser

EDITORIAL BOARD: Deepak Bhargava, Norman Birnbaum, Richard Falk, Frances FitzGerald, Eric Foner, Philip Green, Lani Guinier, Tom Hayden, Randall Kennedy, Tony Kushner, Elinor Langer, Deborah W. Meier, Toni Morrison, Victor Navasky, Richard Parker, Michael Pertschuk, Elizabeth Pochoda, Marcus G. Raskin, David Weir, Roger Wilkins

ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER, SPECIAL PROJECTS/WEBSITE: Peter Rothberg
ASSOCIATE PUBLISHER, DEVELOPMENT/ASSOCIATES: Peggy Randall
VICE PRESIDENT, ADVERTISING: Ellen Bollinger
ADVERTISING MANAGER, SMALL DISPLAY, EVENTS, CLASSIFIED: Leigh Novog
VICE PRESIDENT, CIRCULATION: Arthur Stupar
CIRCULATION MANAGER: Michelle O'Keefe
CIRCULATION FULFILLMENT MANAGER: Miriam Camp
PRODUCTION DIRECTOR: Omar Rubio
TYPOGRAPHER/WEB PRODUCER: Sandy McCroskey
PRODUCTION MANAGER: Timothy Don
NATION ASSOCIATES MANAGER: Peter Fifield
PUBLICITY/SYNDICATION DIRECTOR: Mike Webb
EDUCATION/COMMUNICATIONS COORDINATOR: Habiba Alcindor
VICE PRESIDENT, WEB SITE AND TECHNOLOGY: Scott Klein
TECHNOLOGY COORDINATOR: Amiri K. Barksdale
CONTROLLER: Mary van Valkenburg
ASSISTANT TO VICTOR NAVASKY: Mary Taylor Schilling
DATA ENTRY/MAIL COORDINATOR: John Holtz
ASSISTANT TO THE PRESIDENT: Kathleen Thomas
BUSINESS ASSISTANT: Jolange Wright
RECEPTIONIST/BUSINESS ASSISTANT: Larri Washington

PUBLISHER EMERITUS: Victor Navasky

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: E-mail to letters@thenation.com (300-word limit). Letters are subject to editing for reasons of space and clarity.
SUBMISSIONS: Queries only, no manuscripts. Go to www.thenation.com and click on "about," then "submissions" for a query form. Queries may be mailed to The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. SASE for poems.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the second week in January, and biweekly the third week of July through the second week of September) by The Nation Company, L.P. © 2006 in the U.S.A. by The Nation Company, L.P., 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. (212) 209-5400. Washington Bureau: Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington, DC 20002. (202) 546-2239. Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries: The Nation, PO Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149, or call 1-800-333-8536. Publications Mail Agreement No: 40041477. Return undeliverable Canadian addresses to Circulation Dept. or DPGM, 4960-2 Walker Road, Windsor, ON N9A 6J3. **When ordering a subscription, please allow 4-6 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** Back issues $4 prepaid ($6 foreign) from: The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003. The Nation is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Road, Ann Arbor, MI 48106. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Nation, PO Box 55149, Boulder, CO 80322-5149. Printed in U.S.A. on recycled paper.

www.thenation.com

Downsized but Not Out

A magical glow arises from the land. "Our economy is evolving," Labor Secretary Elaine Chao told CNN in September. "It's transitioning to a knowledge-based economy." Many liberals are dazzled by the light, imagining a new era in which poverty is curable by education and the highly educated know no limits. Those who go to college and work hard are set for life, while the clueless and the unprepared drift down into the working poor. Message to Americans in a competitive, globalized world: Sink or swim. It's up to you.

But wasted knowledge piles up all around us, along with the blighted lives of people who made "all the right choices," got their degrees and have either lost or never found their footing. There's the Atlanta-based IT marketing expert who has alternated between professional jobs and janitorial work, the laid-off chemical engineer who's spent time in shelters, the 50-ish Minneapolis cab driver who offers his business card along with the receipt, because he still harbors some dim hope of returning to a job as a media executive.

It's a largely hidden problem, this quiet erosion of the middle class. While the chronically poor have been highlighted by the living-wage movement, downwardly mobile members of the middle class get short shrift, even from people of conscience. True, the college educated are a relative elite, constituting 28 percent of the population and earning, on average, a lifetime total of $1 million more than those who lack a degree. But the middle class has been roiled in recent years by what the economists call "income volatility," or sudden changes in fortune, usually caused by layoffs. The discarded shrink off in shame—after all, they must have done something wrong—and vanish from the unemployment statistics by going to Circuit City or Starbucks and taking whatever job they can get. To acknowledge their existence would be to admit that the "knowledge economy" is a delusion and to raise a rude finger in the face of the American dream.

For many, the trouble begins at commencement. Two-thirds of college graduates have borrowed heavily to pay for school, putting them nearly $20,000 in the red, on average. At current interest rates of 6.8 percent for federal student loans, that amounts to a $219 monthly payment for the next ten years. And those trying to buy more security with an advanced degree accumulate a combined student loan debt averaging a crippling $45,900. Once established in a professional-level job, many college graduates are finding their salaries inadequate to the rising costs of healthcare, housing and energy, especially as benefits shrink: 21 percent of college graduates now have no health insurance, up from 17 percent five years ago. And in a corporate culture bent on cost cutting, few are ever really "established." Layoffs—*a k a* downsizings, right-sizings, smart-sizings and riffings—can strike at any time, as 14,000 white-collar Ford workers just discovered. Those who "land" again earn on average 17 percent less than they would have made had they not been laid off. Then once you hit 50, you're officially over the hill and unlikely to find re-employment at a middle-class level. As one middle-aged white-collar worker reported, "You know what they call a 50-year-old person in a large corporation? Fat!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As Louis Uchitelle emphasizes in his recent book *The Disposable American*, this chipping away at the middle class carries a high cost in emotional, as well as financial, pain. The wife of a working teacher describes her family as "scared, desperate, depressed and isolated" because of their financial challenges. A victim of layoffs writes:

> 100 resumes sent in the last 6 months. No job. Have actually been unemployed for two years. Moved to new state to start over, about to roll over a cliff. To add to my woes I now doubt my ability to hold a job should I ever get one. I feel like I'm eroding. Once I was extremely adept, flexible, pro-active, etc., etc. Now I feel like sludge.

This is the new world of the middle class—haunted by debt, stalked by layoffs, pinched by vanishing pensions and health benefits, and forced into ever more contingent forms of work as "real" jobs give way to benefit-free contract work. Far from being on an elite perch in the "knowledge economy," the middle class hovers just inches above the working poor. Since the average household today has negative savings, meaning positive debt, a sudden job loss for whatever reason can dislodge a family overnight. The downward spiral is accelerated by companies' strange aversion to hiring the unemployed, who have unsightly "gaps" in their résumés. The jobless find themselves stigmatized by their condition, although they did nothing to incur it, as illustrated by the management consultant who advises corporate recruiters to avoid job fairs: "Who goes to job fairs? People without jobs! All you get are worthless résumés and lots of germs."

In fall 2005 a small group of us—writers, activists and union organizers—began to envision a national membership-based organization for college-educated workers. We got seed money from the Service Employees International Union, but we weren't building a union or even a part of one. Union membership is based on occupation and workplace, while we wanted an organization that could embrace people through bouts of unemployment and even changes of occupation—from marketer to janitor, for example. One model was the AARP, which offers services and advocacy to millions without regard to occupational status, only we aimed to be noisier and more grassrooted. We spent much of this year recruiting organizers around the country and in September launched United Professionals—America's first broad-based organization for the white-collar unemployed, underemployed and anxiously employed.

What we do will depend in part on the priorities of our growing membership. But our agenda so far includes:

§ Real networking and community building. UP encourages people to get together (on the Net or in person), discuss local issues and share stories and tips. This function is particularly important because of the shame our culture attaches to unemployment and underemployment. People need to see that they are not alone in their predicament and did nothing to bring it on themselves.

§ Advocacy on national issues. The obvious ones are for universal (as opposed to employer-based) health insurance, a solid unemployment insurance system (unlike the current one, which covers only about a third of laid-off people), ways of tackling the individual and family debt crisis (fairness in lending, college loan reform) and, of course, a living wage in whatever job you happen to have.

§ Services. We are working with other groups, such as the National Employment Lawyers Association (nela.org) and the Freelancers' Union (freelancersunion.org), to be able to offer free legal advice and, eventually, affordable health insurance to our members.

We see UP as part of the broader movement for economic justice in America and a vital partner to ongoing crusades for a living wage and adequate benefits for the working poor. By focusing on the troubled middle class, we help make the point that poverty, far from being a matter of "bad choices" or character flaws, can happen to any of us. But the educated middle class has a special role to play: It's the core of any modern society, something the chronically poor can aspire to become part of. Without a viable middle class, we become a society ever more divided between the gated communities, on the one hand, and the trailer parks and tenements, on the other.

You are invited to go to unitedprofessionals.org and join us. The dues are low—a dime a day or $36.50 a year—and the time investment as big or small as you have to offer. Right now, we need not only your dues but your skills—legal, organizational, Internet, writing, marketing, public speaking. If you're tired of watching your debts rise and your benefits and opportunities dwindle, join us in building UP and fighting back.

BARBARA EHRENREICH AND TAMARA DRAUT

Barbara Ehrenreich is the author, most recently, of Bait and Switch: The (Futile) Pursuit of the American Dream. *Tamara Draut, a UP adviser and director of the Economic Opportunity Program at Demos, is the author of* Strapped: Why America's 20- and 30-Somethings Can't Get Ahead.

Rich's Stealth Campaign

Howard Rich is not a household name, and he is trying hard never to become one. But this New York–based real estate magnate and big-money player may well do more this fall to bring down state and local zoning and environmental regulations and to restrict state spending than any fifty conservative officeholders.

You won't find Rich's name on any official political contribution records. The estimated $11 million to $14 million he's kicked in (so far) for state initiative campaigns in Arizona, California, Idaho, Missouri, Montana, Nevada, Oklahoma, Oregon and Washington comes through a cluster of organizations almost as obscure as he is. Among them: the Fund for Democracy, which he acknowledges is his personal front and which is located in the same lower Manhattan building that he lists as his address; Americans for Limited Government (ALG), which he chairs; Club for Growth State Action, which Rich also chairs and which shares ALG's Chicago address; Montanans in Action, Oklahomans in Action, America At Its Best (or, according to some of its state filings, America at it's Best), Colorado At Its Best (ditto), U.S. Term Limits, which he heads as president, and a handful of others.

But if this is some cross between self-effacement and stealth,

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT

CALVIN TRILLIN

A Short History of 'Cut and Run,' Using The George W. Bush Definition

When you pull out before the job is done, that's "cut and run" as far as I'm concerned.
—George W. Bush, on whether he's fairly characterized the Democratic position

1. Vietnam

We'd been well mired in a quag.
Our allies there were not too strong,
But Nixon left them to themselves,
And they were swamped by Vietcong.

That's cut and run. Yes, cut and run:
We left before the job was done,
And let Saigon get overrun—
A simple case of cut and run.

2. Lebanon

Marines were there to keep the peace.
Before their mission was complete,
There came an awful barracks blast,
And Reagan pulled them out *tout de suite*.

That's cut and run. Yes, cut and run:
We left before the job was done—
No matter how the news was spun,
A simple case of cut and run.

3. Gulf War

We could have gone to Baghdad, but
The role Bush One said we'd then fill
Was hated occupying force.
He was, of course, correct, but still...

That's cut and run. Yes, cut and run:
We left before the job was done.
Saddam had fun because Bush One
Did not remain but cut and run.

4. Texas

If sent to Nam, you might get killed.
Young Bush, to dodge his draft board's "Greetings!"
Used Daddy's clout to join the Guard,
And then finessed a year of meetings.

Talk about your cutting and running!

the measures he's bankrolling are mostly stealth. California's Proposition 90, the Protect Our Homes Initiative on the November ballot, is advertised as a way to stop state and local governments from seizing private property by eminent domain and delivering it to private developers. It's supposedly a response to last year's Supreme Court decision, in *Kelo v. New London*, in which the Court ruled 5 to 4 that a city could condemn even viable homes and businesses for private urban redevelopment projects.

In fact Proposition 90, like similar measures in Arizona, Idaho, Nevada and Washington, is a Trojan horse. Its major target has nothing to do with *Kelo* or eminent domain. It's aimed at "takings"—the alleged depreciation of property values through land-use regulations for any purpose but health or safety. Under the proposed measures, if a city were to decide that it doesn't want any bar or liquor store within a mile of a school or college campus, or to shut down a porn shop as a public nuisance, the owners of that commercial property could sue for the depreciation of their property values—and sue not merely for its current value but for what it would have been worth if it had been converted. Similarly, if a state decides that, to prevent erosion or protect habitat, a vulnerable hillside should not be the site of a new housing development, or that a forest should not be clearcut, the owners of the property could demand compensation running into the millions. In effect, Proposition 90 and its siblings, which are opposed by a wide array of cities, counties and planning and environmental groups, would all but close the door to most future environmental and land-use controls.

Of the roughly $3.7 million raised so far for Proposition 90, much of it to pay signature-gathering firms, only a small fraction comes from within California. The rest, some $3.4 million, has come from the Fund for Democracy, Montanans in Action, Club for Growth State Action, Colorado At Its Best and Americans for Limited Government. In Arizona, Rich's Fund for Democracy and Americans for Limited Government have so far kicked in $1.1 million. In Idaho, the total is $412,000. In Missouri, where the petitions were ruled invalid, the Rich groups spent $2.3 million on the effort. In Washington the total so far is $260,000. In Montana a state judge ruled that petitions for three Rich measures were gathered through "deceit, fraud and procedural noncompliance."

Since the funding for most of Rich's tax-exempt organizations doesn't have to be publicly reported, there's no way to know if it's all Rich's money or if some comes from others. In Nebraska there's a TABOR (Taxpayers Bill of Rights) ballot measure that, like similar measures proposed in Michigan, Montana, Nevada, Oklahoma and Oregon, would limit increases in state spending to increases in the cost of living and population, a certain path to the erosion of labor-intensive public services, whose cost (e.g., for health and education) always rises faster than inflation. Last year in Colorado, voters, with the support of Republican governor Bill Owens, opted to suspend a key provision of that state's TABOR because it pinched schools, higher education and other services so badly. Nearly all funds for Nebraska's TABOR come from America At Its Best, whose address is the post office box of a law firm in Kalispell, Montana. According to the Nebraska secretary of state's office, all of the funds for America At Its Best

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

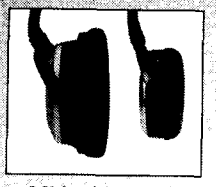
From the company that pioneered noise reducing headphones.

The next step.

NEW

[illegible] we began researching noise reduction technology 28 years ago. Since then, we've been leading the industry in advancing the technology we created.

New QuietComfort® 3 headphones represent the latest achievement. They rest on your ears rather than surrounding them. And while they are smaller than our highly acclaimed QuietComfort 2 headphones, there is no compromise in noise reduction, sound quality or comfortable fit. So now you have a choice: QC™2 headphones for around-ear use, and new QC3 headphones if you prefer a smaller, on-ear alternative.



QC2 headphones (left). New QC3 headphones (right).

The challenge of reducing size. With conventional technology, smaller earcups compromise performance. So we launched a research project to explore whether it was possible to overcome the performance limitations of smaller size and on-ear design. The result is our new QC3 headphones that match the noise reduction and audio quality benefits of our award-winning QC2 headphones.

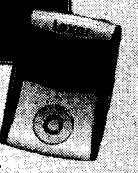
Hear the difference Bose® technology makes. You will notice a dramatic decrease in engine roar on a plane. The cabin becomes more peaceful. Connect your CD player, MP3 player, or listen to the in-flight movie. You'll hear detail you may have never experienced while flying.

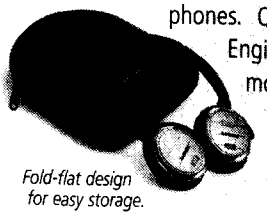
FOR TRAVEL WORK HOME

But use them at home or at the office, too. Although the noise reduction will be more subtle, you should notice distractions fading softly into the background.

Try them for 30 days at no risk. Choose new QC3 headphones for an on-ear fit, or QC2 headphones for an around-ear design. Both come with our 30-day Excitement Guarantee. Order now for a free MP3 player (a $50 value) featuring music selected by Bose. Easily add/remove songs, and use it to enjoy your QuietComfort headphones even more. Take advantage of **12 easy payments,** with no interest charges from Bose.* And ask about our optional Cell Connect cable for use with select music-enabled mobile phones. QuietComfort headphones. Engineered exclusively by Bose, the most respected name in sound.

FREE MP3 player when you order by January 31, 2007.





Fold-flat design for easy storage.

To order or learn more about Bose headphones:

1-800-901-0256, ext. Q5070

QC3.bose.com

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

*Bose payment plan available on orders of $299-$1500 paid by major credit card. Additional financing offers may be available for select products. See website for details. Down payment is 1/12 the product price plus applicable tax and shipping charges. Then, your credit card will be billed for 11 equal monthly installments with 0% APR and no interest charges from Bose. Credit card rules and interest may apply. U.S. residents only. Limit one active financing program per customer. ©2006 Bose Corporation. Patent rights issued and/or pending. Financing and free MP3 player offer not to be combined with other offers or applied to previous purchases, and subject to change without notice. If QuietComfort® headphones are returned, the MP3 player must be returned for a full refund. Risk free refers to 30-day trial only and does not include return shipping. Delivery is subject to product availability.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COMMENT

come from Americans for Limited Government, Club for Growth State Action, the Fund for Democracy and the National Taxpayers Union.

Howie Rich, an unreconstructed libertarian, is hardly the first deep-pocketed person to pursue his agenda through ballot measures. Financier George Soros has put a few million into drug-law-liberalization initiatives; actor-director Rob Reiner funded two major child-welfare measures in California; and this year there's Hollywood producer Steve Bing, whose $40 million contribution to Proposition 87, an initiative to impose a tax on oil extracted in California, is almost certainly the biggest individual contribution of all time. (Still, next to the approximately $65 million kicked in to date by Chevron, Occidental and other energy companies to defeat Prop 87, it's barely adequate.)

But unlike Bing or Reiner, Rich operates through interlocking "nonprofit" front groups that don't disclose their funding sources, or much else, except in the vaguest terms. It's the perfect cover—and cost-effective, too; Rich understands that buying ballot measures in the two dozen states that allow them is often more successful, and ultimately cheaper, than buying legislation.

So who is Howie Rich? In SEC filings, he describes himself as "involved in general securities management, venture capital, real estate and business consulting." But his real passion is that libertarian agenda—term limits, spending caps, popular recall of judges (another campaign he's funding this year in Colorado), school vouchers and property rights. In an e-mail he wrote, "private property is the cornerstone of our freedom." He was happy to "help local activists across the country to protect essential freedoms." Those local groups "often face an uphill climb against well funded special interest groups." Ah, yes.

Rich, of course, is not the only black hat here. He's just taking advantage of a porous set of campaign finance regulations that allow contributors to hide behind phony fronts. And he's taking advantage of an initiative process designed a century ago to curb the power of big money in politics but that is now being deftly exploited by precisely those interests. In most large states only big money can buy the signature gatherers, lawyers, pollsters and consultants needed to get anything on the ballot. Ordinary voters can't. The system is made for the Rich. PETER SCHRAG

Peter Schrag, a weekly columnist for the Sacramento Bee, *is the author, most recently, of* California: America's High Stakes Experiment.

In Fact . . .

ROUGH JUSTICE

■ David Cole writes: "She has represented the poor, the disadvantaged and the unpopular," and in doing so has "performed a public service." So said US District Court Judge John Koeltl in rejecting the government's request that he sentence Lynne Stewart to thirty years for having issued a press release from the imprisoned Sheik Omar Abdel Rahman in violation of an administrative agreement. Under the government's proposal, Stewart, now 67 and recovering from breast cancer, would almost certainly have died in prison. Judge Koeltl, exercising judgment in a case where the Justice Department showed none, instead sentenced Stewart to two years and four months—still a substantial sentence, but one that would permit her to live out most of the rest of her life in freedom. He also rejected a request that he send Mohammed Yousry, a translator, away for twenty years for his "crime," which consisted of merely doing his job; Yousry got twenty months. A third co-defendant, Ahmed Abdel Sattar, who should not have been tried with the others, because his independent crimes were so much more culpable, received a twenty-four-year sentence. Judge Koeltl did the right thing. But had the Justice Department done the right thing in the first place, neither Stewart nor Yousry would have been prosecuted. Their imprisonment—even for a day—will not make any of us one bit safer.

TRAPPED IN ALBANY

■ Dennis Gaffney writes: Two Muslim men in Albany, New York, were convicted recently in an FBI counterterrorism operation. Given that each could get up to twenty-one years in prison, you'd think the government had uncovered a major terrorist plot. Actually, the two were suckered into a phony sting operation. The sting began in 2003 when an FBI informant posing as a wealthy businessman offered Muhammed Hossain, the owner of a struggling pizza restaurant, a $50,000 loan. The informant later implied that he'd earned some of his wealth as an arms dealer and showed Hossain a missile launcher that he said was going to be used in a plot to kill a Pakistani diplomat, all fabricated. The FBI was really after Yassin Aref, an imam at Hossain's mosque, because his name had turned up in a notebook found in an Iraqi terrorist camp next to the word "*kak*," which the government originally translated as "commander" but later admitted might better be translated as "brother" or "mister." After Hossain asked Aref to witness the loan transaction, both men were arrested and ultimately convicted of money laundering in support of terrorist activities. The result? FBI resources misdirected, two families destroyed and more Muslims alienated.

ACCENTUATE THE POSITIVE

■ According to the *New York Times* a consortium of major universities, using $2.4 million of Homeland Security Department money, is developing software that would enable the government to monitor negative opinions of the United States or its leaders in overseas publications. Lucy Dalglish, executive director of the Reporters Committee for Freedom of the Press, told the *Times*, "It is just creepy and Orwellian." We disagree. We have no quarrel with "sentiment analysis," as this project is called, but we do have a modest proposal. In the interests of prudent financial practice, we propose that instead of monitoring negative opinions, the government confine itself to monitoring positive commentary. We are confident that the budgetary savings will be significant.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Myth of Microloans

The committee that gave Henry Kissinger the Nobel Peace Prize has given it this year to Muhammad Yunus, the economist who put the word "microloan" on the map with the Grameen Bank in his native land of Bangladesh. That's progress of a sort. But in terms of hot air, any sentences linking "peace" with "Henry Kissinger" aren't immeasurably more vacuous than the notion that microloans can help—to use the language of the Nobel Committee's citation—"large population groups find ways in which to break out of poverty."

Throughout the late 1980s and '90s, in the verbal currency of First World do-gooders, "microloans" became one of those magically fungible words, embedded in a thousand foundation and NGO annual reports, like "sustainable." What could be more virtuous in terms of prudent philanthropy than giving very small loans to very poor women? Microloans breathe healthful uplift, as divorced from the sordid world of megaloans as are microbrews from Budweiser.

The trouble is that microloans don't make any sort of a macro-difference. They have helped some poor women, no doubt about it. But in their own way they're a register of defeat. Back in the early 1970s there were huge plans afoot to change the entire relationship of the Third to the First World, to speed Third World economies toward decent living standards for the many, not just the few. At the United Nations radical economists were hard at work drafting plans for a New World Economic Order. All that went out the window, and here are the caring classes thirty years later, hailing microloans.

Microloans are micro-Band-Aids in a scale of things where—to take the example of India—well over 100,000 farmers, including a large number of women, have killed themselves because their federal and state governments, plus large international institutions, have promoted the savage priorities of neoliberalism.

As economist Robert Pollin of UMass-Amherst put it pithily when I asked him what he thought of the award to Yunus, "Bangladesh and Bolivia are two countries widely recognized for having the most successful microcredit programs in the world. They also remain two of the poorest countries in the world."

In the 2005 development stats Bangladesh ranked 139th, worse than India, with 49.8 percent of its population of 137 million below the official poverty line. In the homeland of the Grameen Bank, about 80 percent of the people live on less than $2 a day. A UN Development Program study in the early 1990s showed that the total microcredits in Bangladesh constituted 0.6 percent of total credit in the country. Hardly a transformation.

Against this backdrop, what have microloans achieved, I asked P. Sainath, India's most outstanding journalist on rural destitution and the consequences of economic policy. Yes, he said, microloans can be a legitimate tool in certain conditions, as long as you don't elevate the tool into a gigantic weapon. No one was ever liberated by being placed in debt. That said, a lot of poor women have eased their lives by using microloans, bypassing bank bureaucracies and moneylenders.

But today the World Bank and the IMF, along with state-owned and commercial banks, are diving into microfinance. The microloan business is fast becoming a gigantic empire, bringing back into control the very banks and bureaucracies women have been trying to bypass. Sainath points out that the interest rates micro-indebted women are paying in India are far higher than commercial bank lending rates. "They are paying between 24 and 36 percent on loans for productive expenditures, while an upper-class person can finance the purchase of a Mercedes at 6 to 8 percent from the banking system."

The average loan of the Grameen Bank is $130 in Bangladesh, less in India. Now, the basic problem of the poor in both countries is landlessness, lack of assets. In the Indian province of Andhra Pradesh, where there are thousands of microloan groups, land costs 100,000 rupees an acre, poor land maybe 60,000 rupees—more than $2,000. So $130 doesn't buy you the ranch, not even a good cow or buffalo. How many poor women have escaped the poverty trap in AP, Sainath asks. "Try getting an answer." After recent floods in AP, journalists came to a village where everything had been washed away. The first people back in were the microcreditors "demanding monthly installments from women who had lost everything." Governments like microloans because they allow them to abdicate their most basic responsibilities to poor citizens. Microloans make the market a god.

Let's suppose USAID or some kindred agency decides to put $10 million into microloans. What used to be an initiative of a group of women at the village level has become a high-profile international funding activity. Long before the first rupee is seen by women in a village, NGOs, consultants, bank managers and their relatives have all taken their cut. By the time the loan gets to the women in the village the cost is prohibitive, with the very poor and women of low caste often excluded. On top of this, some revolving-fund models require each woman to put in a rupee a day. But often women don't have a rupee a day, so they go to the local moneylender to be able to repay the microloan.

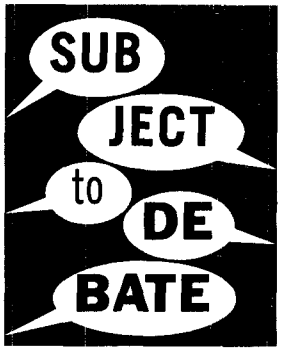
As Sainath says, microlending can be a useful tool, but it should not be romanticized as some sort of transformational activity. On that plane it's useless. By contrast, as Bob Pollin stresses, "the East Asian Tigers, like South Korea and Taiwan, relied for a generation on massive, publicly subsidized credit programs to support manufacturing and exports. They are now approaching West European living standards. Poor countries need to adapt the East Asian macrocredit model to promote not simply exports but land reform, marketing cooperatives, a functioning infrastructure and, most of all, decent jobs."

The trouble with publicly subsidized credit programs is that they're public and they're large and they run contrary to the neoliberal creed. That's why Yunus got his Nobel Prize, whereas radical land reformers get a bullet in the back of the head. ■

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KATHA POLLITT

Show Him the Money



I wanted to admire *The Trouble With Diversity*, Walter Benn Michaels's much-discussed polemic against identity politics and economic inequality. Like him, I'm bothered by the extent to which symbolic politics has replaced class grievances on campus, and off it too: the obsessive cultivation of one's roots, the fetishizing of difference, the nitpicky moral one-upmanship over language. Call an argument "lame" on one academic-feminist list I'm on and you'll get—still!—an electronic earful about your insensitivity to the disabled.

But right away, I ran into trouble. Small problem: Michaels's main thesis is that the "intellectual left"—*a k a* "we"—has "responded to the increase in economic inequality by insisting on the importance of cultural identity." But most of his villains are neither intellectuals nor leftists—they're college admissions officers, people who run employee relations groups for Microsoft, Jews who loved Philip Roth's *The Plot Against America* too much. Maybe economic reality doesn't get much airtime in the University of Illinois-Chicago's English department, which Michaels chairs (he gleefully bemoans his $175,000 annual salary), but poverty, inequality and class are major objects of attention in sociology, economics, public policy, ed schools and investigative journalism—to say nothing of the pages of *The Nation*. Michaels isn't the loner he pretends to be.

Bigger problem: Michaels is aggressively, almost proudly obtuse about racism and sexism, which he sees as distractions from class struggle. Thus, he continually contrasts "blacks" and "the poor" as if these were two entirely different sets of people. But racism and sexism are an integral part of the economic inequality he decries. That's how the system works. (I can't believe I have to explain this in 2006—what is it with white male leftists?) An hour or so in an urban public school, a welfare office, a public hospital or a prison would have helped him out here. Race may be a fiction—I enjoyed his clever proof that race does not exist, biologically or culturally—but so what? Somehow, realtors know which houses not to show "black" people, car salesmen know to charge "blacks" more and cops can spot a "black youth" blocks away—and if they mistake a Spaniard with a suntan for a graduate of Howard University, I doubt they're much disturbed. Even if they wanted to, most blacks can't walk away from their identity: Too many nonblacks want to keep them there.

The central move of *The Trouble With Diversity* is not just that people are narcissistically preoccupied with identity and thus distracted from the big story of economic injustice. It's that fighting racism, sexism or other forms of discrimination reinforces class privilege. Thus, "feminism is what you appeal to when you want to make it sound as if the women of Wall Street and the women of Wal-Mart are both victims of sexism. Which is to say, when you want to disguise the fact that the women of Wall Street are not victims at all." This is a bit hard to take from the man who complains about being one of the highest-paid English professors in the country and who goes on at some length about his envy of the fabulously wealthy.

It's Michaels's attack on race-based affirmative action, though, that has got him the most attention. Like feminism, affirmative action reinforces economic privilege because it makes admissions look meritocratic: "the white students on campus can understand themselves to be there on merit because they didn't get there at the expense of any black people.... Race-based affirmative action...is a kind of collective bribe rich people pay themselves for ignoring economic inequality. The fact (and it is a fact) that it doesn't help to be white to get into Harvard replaces the much more fundamental fact that it does help to be rich."

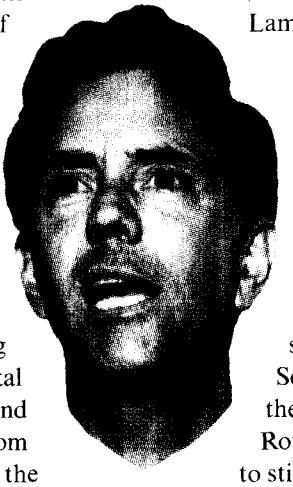
I haven't noticed that students at elite universities are unaware of the role their parents' income plays in their education—they may not mind, but they're not stupid. But let's say Michaels is on to something. Let's even pretend that affirmative action doesn't increase the number of low-income students on campus even as it gives extra points to black graduates of Andover and Madonna's adopted African baby. Maybe Michaels is even right, and affirmative action helps the president of Yale go to bed with a clear conscience. Does it follow that ending diversity-increasing measures, as Michaels seems to advocate, would increase the attention admissions departments, employers or anyone else pays to low-income people? I see no evidence for this. Opponents of race-based preferences tend not to be class-oriented leftists but conservatives who liked the system the way it was before. Ward Connerly, the black University of California regent who did so much to abolish affirmative action there, didn't call for an overhaul of public schools and the abolition of poverty so that every student got an equal shot. He just told poor black students to "work harder"—presumably that would go for poor whites as well. In fact, the University of California's elite campuses have far fewer black and Latino students these days—but those empty seats have not been filled by the poor. State plans that replace affirmative action with race-neutral measures—scholarships for good students, automatic acceptance for the top 10 percent of each class—have ended up benefiting middle-class kids, who are mostly white.

Michaels comes off as a primitive Marxist—class is all, everything else is bunk—but actually, he's not primitive enough. He forgets that people with money and status will do just about any liberalism, like English departments, they'll go pretty far to keep their white-skin and masculine privileges too.) They not only don't mind economic inequality, they require it. The system depends upon it. And so do their children—there is no more powerful force on earth than a well-off parent angling to advance a child. Diversity can be cringe-making, insincere, sappy and arbitrary; it may promote some people who would succeed anyway and some who don't deserve their lucky break. But take it away, and you won't get more equality. You'll only get more privilege. ■

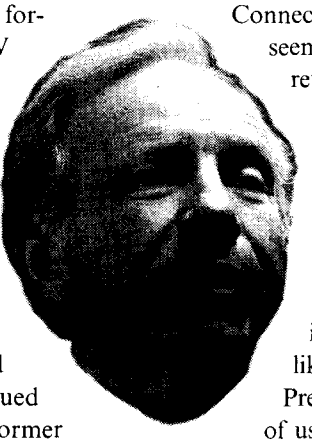
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NED VS. ★★★★ LIEBERMAN

On a recent slate-gray October morning, Ned Lamont stopped by a McDonald's perched on the west bank of the Naugatuck River in Derby, Connecticut. Derby is an old industrial village north of Bridgeport. From the nineteenth through much of the twentieth century, abundant hydropower turned Derby and the strip of riverside towns north to Waterbury into one of the nation's dominant manufacturing districts. Immigrants poured into the lower Naugatuck Valley, laboring at factories that turned out raw brass and rubber and supplied the nation with corsets, clocks and machine tools. In 1955 floods from a devastating hurricane washed away some of Derby's lower-lying neighboring towns, and a generation ago global capital flight finished the job. Affordable real estate prices and solid housing stock have turned pockets into bedroom communities for wealthy Fairfield County down the river, but most of the Valley remains marked by abandoned main streets, high unemployment and the perpetually disappointed hope of revitalization.



On this particular morning Lamont, whose grandfather's partnership with J.P. Morgan created the family fortune, and who earned his own as a cable-TV entrepreneur before entering the US Senate race, was at the Derby McDonald's for a meet-and-greet with Naugatuck Valley war veterans—mostly VFW members from Korea and World War II, long since retired from jobs at Sikorsky Helicopter, Scoville Brass and Seth Thomas Clocks. There were a lot of reporters around, mostly because Lamont's sidekick this morning was retired Gen. Wesley Clark. The TV cameras and notebooks pointed at Clark as he denounced the Bush Administration's Iraq policy and argued cheerfully with William "Wild Bill" Menna, the former mayor of neighboring Ansonia, who planned to vote for Lamont's main opponent, former Democrat and now-independent Senator Joe Lieberman. "Do something 'wild' on Election Day," Clark gamely urged Menna.

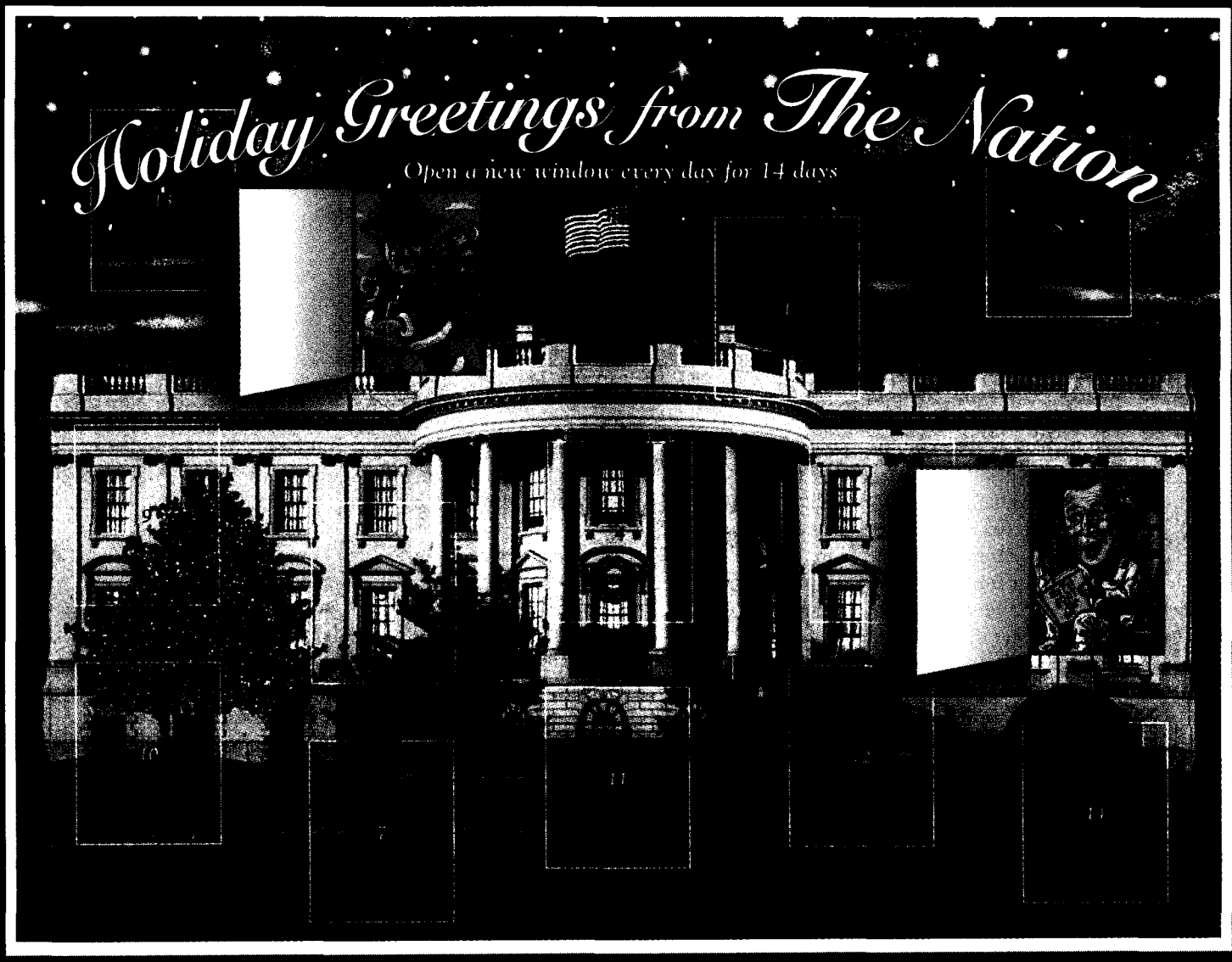


But while the reporters continued to mob Clark, a gangly young man named Sten Westguard approached Lamont on the sidelines and pressed a photo of a man in a uniform into the candidate's hand. Almost inaudibly Westguard murmured to Lamont that this was a picture of his cousin in the 134th Field Artillery, who enlisted right after September 11 and is now on his second deployment in Iraq. "I'm worried to death about him, and you've got to get him home," Westguard said to Lamont. "This is a big blunder."

The purpose of the Lamont-and-Clark McDonald's visit seemed transparent: to burnish Lamont's national-security credentials in his general election campaign against Lieberman, the prowar, three-term incumbent whom Lamont defeated in the Democratic primary. But there was more to it. The Naugatuck Valley is Lieberman's stronghold. This neighborhood of solidly working- and lower-middle-class Democrats is the only zone of the state where Lieberman outran Lamont in August. Several of the region's Democratic officials, notably the mayor of 100,000-strong Waterbury a few miles up Route 8 from Derby, have broken with the state party to stick with Lieberman, putting their still-potent (and in the case of Waterbury, notoriously corrupt) political machines to work for him in the general election. Lamont needs every vote he can get in the Valley.

With Lieberman now campaigning as an independent, the Connecticut Senate race is no mere rerun. Lieberman, who seemed not to know what hit him during the primary, returned to the political stage with new muscle, scoring Lamont in speeches and campaign ads for inexperience. And he appears to have decided to let Lieberman be Lieberman: prowar, cultural conservative, champion of global free-trade measures and privatization, all the while claiming politics is too partisan. When the Senate took up Bush's enemy-combatants bill, Lieberman—ranking Democrat on the Armed Services Committee—ignored the pleas of retired generals like Hugh Shelton and Colin Powell and backed the President. "These are people who will kill any of us, all of us," he said of Guantánamo detainees. His only bow to the antiwar sentiment that fueled his primary defeat has been to call for Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld's resignation on the grounds that the Iraq operation needs new leadership, and he has insisted, against any available evidence, that he's sought Rumsfeld's ouster for years. When the Foley scandal broke, instead of joining the call for House Speaker Dennis Hastert's resignation, Lieberman reached into his cultural-conservative portfolio and introduced a bill to require online pornography purveyors to run ID checks.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Calendar measures 8.5 X 11 inches

GIVE THE NATION AND LOOK WHAT YOU GET!

GIVE 47 A WHOLE YEAR $39.97

Each morning...
Another window to open...
Another insight into W's world!

And we'll send each gift subscriber the calendar too, to announce your gift.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lamont, for his part, needed to retool. For better or worse, the enduring image from primary night was of his giving a victory speech flanked by Al Sharpton and Jesse Jackson, which cuts two ways in a state divided between cities with large black populations and mostly white suburbs. Lamont needed to introduce himself anew to unaffiliated voters and Republicans for whom Lieberman is a household name and who, if they pay attention to Lamont at all, think of him as a one-issue antiwar candidate.

For several weeks, Lamont's campaign—without the galvanizing summertime mission of coalescing long-simmering anti-Lieberman sentiment among Democrats—seemed to lose focus. "I enjoyed the primary a lot more," Lamont confessed on a recent Saturday, after sending off volunteers to knock on doors in Norwalk. "It was grassroots. This phase of the campaign is more: I hit Joe, Joe hits back. Bare-knuckle stuff." In Norwalk, Lamont—in shirtsleeves, sneakers and Brooks Brothers trousers—gave his volunteers a set of talking points, beginning not with the war but with the experience question: "If they say experience, you say results." That's a tough road: Lieberman has a reputation for bringing home the bacon when it comes to highway money and defense jobs, the only sector of Connecticut's old industrial economy to survive. Persuading voters on "results" requires Lamont and his volunteers to make the perhaps too abstract case that Connecticut is actually forty-ninth in terms of the percentage of federal tax dollars returned to it; that the state's share of homeland security funding has steadily dwindled since 9/11, despite two major harbors, a submarine base, an international airport and the greatest concentration of corporate headquarters outside Manhattan.

Lieberman has been running ahead of Lamont in the polls, but a large number of voters are undecided or willing to change their minds.

Joe Lieberman is universally recognized as the de facto GOP candidate in the race. The official Republican candidate, a state senator from Milford named Alan Schlesinger, was nominated as a sacrificial lamb back when Lieberman seemed invulnerable. Even before Lieberman's independent run, GOP Governor Jodi Rell implored Schlesinger to step aside when reports of a massive gambling habit emerged in the press. Since then, GOP leaders and voters alike have written him off and turned to Lieberman. Every poll shows Lieberman drawing two-thirds of the state's likely Republican voters; the latest *Hartford Courant*/University of Connecticut poll gives Schlesinger just 4 percent of Republican votes. In the poll even Lamont gets more GOP votes than that.

It's hard to know how to gauge polls in this emotional and hard-fought race—the usual tests for likely voters in the primary didn't predict the high turnout that propelled Lamont to the nomination. For weeks, Lieberman—holding on to one-third of Democrats—has been running a consistent ten points ahead of Lamont, but with 24 percent either undecided or willing to change their minds. As election day nears, that gap is closing. The *Courant*/UConn poll has Lieberman ahead of Lamont by eight points—48 to 40, compared with a twelve-point gap in August—but with 8 percent undecided and another 15 percent willing to change their minds. One key constituency: unaffiliated voters, who in Connecticut outnumber Democrats and Republicans alike. Among such voters Lieberman remains ahead, 45 to 37, but again, that's a volatile number. And Schlesinger could yet change the political chemistry. He made a surprisingly forceful impression in the first three-way debate on October 16.

Lamont remains largely self-financed; so far he's donated about $11 million of his own fortune to his campaign. Oak Investment Partners, run by his even more wealthy wife, and her workplace colleagues have contributed many thousands more. In another state Lamont's riches might raise eyebrows, but in the second-wealthiest state in the country (even adding in two of the country's poorest cities), that makes him only the latest in a long tradition of patrician reformers in both parties, from Chester Bowles to Lowell Weicker.

Sustaining Lieberman's campaign since August, on the other hand, is an unusual fundraising pipeline. Though Lieberman describes himself as an "Independent Democrat" and promises to caucus with Senate Democrats if re-elected, early campaign finance reports have made it clear that the primary shareholders in Lieberman Inc. include prominent Republicans and White House allies—like Mel Sembler, chair of the defense fund for indicted Bush Administration official Scooter Libby. Sembler hosted a Florida fundraiser for Lieberman in September. Anti-Lamont ads are being paid for by the Free Enterprise Fund, backed by Karl Rove associate Bob Perry, a Texas financier who in 2004 bankrolled Swift Boat Veterans for Truth.

Those GOP donations to Lieberman have drawn much attention. But just as notable are his other principal investors: He has raised more than $500,000 from the financial services industry—Lehman Brothers, Goldman Sachs, Citigroup and the like. Credit card companies and big lenders have come to love Lieberman: In the Senate and as former chair of the Democratic Leadership Council he flirted with Social Security privatization and championed free-trade agreements that drive capital into investment funds, even as record numbers of Americans find themselves burdened with irresolvable debt. Indeed, that record adds a layer of irony to Lieberman's lingering support from the Naugatuck Valley's old Democratic machines: The capital flight that devastated blue-collar Connecticut was accelerated by the very free-trade policies he has championed since arriving in the Senate in 1989. "Joe Lieberman: Everyone's Senator but Yours" might as well be the slogan of this PAC-fed insider.

With the campaign in its final weeks, all that money on both sides is unleashing a torrent of new advertising. Lieberman continues to sound the experience theme; the supposedly independent Free Enterprise Fund paints Lamont as a "tax-and-spend liberal." Lamont counters with ads using Lieberman's own 1988 spots against then-incumbent Lowell Weicker: legendary, lethal parody cartoons of a hibernating bear, saying that after eighteen years it's time for a change from complacent leadership. But the Lamont-Lieberman campaign also tests whether progressive grassroots activists within the Democratic Party can deliver. In the 1980s and '90s, Connecticut progressives

Bruce Shapiro is executive director of the Dart Center for Journalism and Trauma (www.dartcenter.org).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SNAP!

It was November 3, 2004, and while much of the movement to unseat Bush was licking its wounds, Jared Malsin, Marissa Levendis and four other friends and fellow activists from Yale were already plotting to re-enter the fray. Throughout the fall, the six students had worked to galvanize their campus into action, helping to send 250 students to canvass and register votes in swing states—and they were exhausted. But Levendis, a veteran campus organizer, felt that she had witnessed something extraordinary. "It was a huge effort for us, and when we lost we were devastated," says Levendis. "But we got tons of students skipping classes, kids you never thought would get involved, and we mobilized them. We knew we had to keep the movement going."

The goal was to get young people back on the ground for the 2006 midterms. But to sustain the grassroots energy, the students, labor and antiwar activists knew they had to do something more than replace the Anybody But Bush movement with an Anybody But the Republicans movement. Within days, SNAP—Students for a New American Politics, which claims to be the nation's only entirely student-run political action committee—was born.

Two years later SNAP has emerged as one of the more innovative and influential progressive organizations on American campuses. Beyond the assistance it is providing in the November elections, SNAP is playing an important role in shaping the future of the progressive movement. With its grassroots approach to electoral politics, SNAP is not only bridging the often-stark ideological divide between radical activists and pragmatic College Democrats on campus; it is providing a model for how to bring genuine political power to students.

SNAP's first act was to develop a set of principles that includes support for the right of everyone "to organize to ensure the recognition of their work," "open and accountable government," universal access to "quality, affordable health care" and "honest engagement and dialogue with the world about common values." Over the next several months, SNAP founders pored over profiles and records of candidates to find those whose positions closely matched the principles. The group also hosted scores of fundraisers with supporters including Geraldine Ferraro and Barney Frank, and reached out to UNITE HERE and local labor chapters as well. Within months, SNAP had raised $50,000.

Ultimately, the students selected fifteen candidates, including Senate hopefuls Bernie Sanders of Vermont and Sherrod Brown of Ohio and Congressional candidates including Patricia Madrid of New Mexico and Chris Murphy of Connecticut. SNAP's choices were principled yet prudent: It deliberately chose not to endorse highly touted centrist campaigns, yet it also refused to spend money on quixotic, unwinnable progressive ones. And instead of simply pouring the money it raised directly into candidates' war chests, SNAP funded twenty students—selected from varied socioeconomic backgrounds—to work full-time on campaigns during the summer. This provided crucial aid in the '06 races while cultivating young progressive leaders for long-term engagement. Unlike that of most PACs, SNAP's strategy insures that even if a candidate loses, the progressive movement gains.

Dylan Daney, a senior at Miami University of Ohio who interned with Sherrod Brown's campaign, is one of these students. A seasoned campus activist who is engaged in a living-wage struggle for housing and dining-hall workers, Daney was drawn to Brown, labor's champion in the House. "I think it's really hard to find a perfect candidate, but it's pretty damn close with Sherrod Brown," he says. Aja Davis, a junior at Pace University in New York, feels the same way about her candidate, Joe Courtney, who is running in Connecticut's 2nd District. She considers herself an activist first and foremost. Davis says that it's important to make sacrifices in order to "play the game," but with Courtney, she says, she doesn't have to compromise. "You can't always be chained up to a tree. Sometimes you've got to go and put on a suit and deal with someone you don't agree with—but with Joe Courtney, it's not even like that. I genuinely like what he has to say."

Now that they've completed their summer internships, SNAP members are taking their organizing experience back to their campuses, starting SNAP campus chapters (there are currently eight) and recruiting students to canvass in the run-up to the elections. Back at Yale, SNAP's founders have already mobilized as many students as they did in 2004, and they predict they will double that total by election day. While the previous electoral movement felt like a rat race between competing progressive and Democratic organizations on campus, SNAP has united disparate groups across the ideological spectrum. "We're so much more organized and coordinated now," says Malsin. "We know we've all got a shared stake here."

SNAP's commitment, intellectual seriousness and willingness to forgo immediate gratification have drawn praise from many of the political strategists and candidates they've worked with. Sherrod Brown says he marveled at their "energy and passion," calling their work "vital to sustaining and strengthening the grassroots progressive movement."

After the elections SNAP will continue to fundraise and expand to more schools across the country. Malsin hopes it will eventually grow into "something like a national youth caucus—a unified progressive youth voice with power." A year ago SNAP couldn't get anyone to return phone calls; today campaigns across the country are begging the group for endorsements. "They want us," says Malsin. "We set out to build power, and now we've got it." SNAP believes that by 2008, its endorsement of a presidential candidate will be "a significant thing in politics."

SNAP has developed great momentum thus far, but it remains to be seen if the organization can be sustained, or even survive, once the founders graduate next spring. Wary of SNAP's becoming too "professionalized" and losing its student voice, the founders refuse to consider using its funds to stay on as nonstudent staffers. They would rather see SNAP continue to pour all its funds into getting interns on the ground—even if, as Malsin says, it means continuing to "run the operation out of dorm rooms and printing fliers and invitations off students' printers."

SNAP's founders have laid out an impressive infrastructure and are working hard to recruit new leadership. If their vigor and vision can be replicated over the long haul, SNAP may grow into a potent political voice for student concerns. "We want leaders who are actually going to listen to student demands," Malsin says, "who are going to take us seriously when we take to the streets and maybe even march with us." SAM GRAHAM-FELSEN

Sam Graham-Felsen is a contributor to The Nation*'s The Notion blog.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

championed aggressive primary challenges to incumbent conservative Democratic machine hacks in the state legislature. It was a pioneering strategy. The Lamont primary campaign was essentially a hypercaffeinated statewide rerun—in some ways, the ultimate battle for control of the Connecticut Democratic soul in a war that has now been going on for twenty years. In the August primary, progressives finally took out their old antagonist. But what about the general election? In the end it will come down to a battle of church buses and absentee ballots, and both sides know that it all comes down to get-out-the-vote field operations. Lamont's team, headed by veteran Connecticut Citizen Action Group director Tom Swan, established aggressive field operations months ago, when it appeared likely Lamont would need to petition his way onto the ballot. Lieberman, by contrast, has had to build his organization from scratch, and without Lamont's motivated and enthusiastic antiwar base. But after a lifetime in Connecticut politics, Lieberman has friends and favors to call in from every union and senior center in the state.

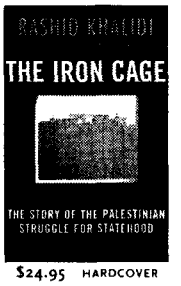
There's also a tight and equally unpredictable symbiosis between the Lamont-Lieberman campaign and three of Connecticut's five Congressional races. In Lamont's home of Fairfield County, longtime GOP incumbent Chris Shays—historically a moderate but an early, enthusiastic backer of the war in Iraq—is on the ropes, facing a Democratic selectwoman from Westport named Diane Farrell who nearly defeated him two years ago. In largely rural eastern Connecticut, former CIA operative Rob Simmons is in a tight race against Democratic legislator Joe Courtney, and in a district that includes most of the Naugatuck Valley, once-invulnerable moderate Republican Nancy Johnson is fighting hard against progressive State Senator Chris Murphy. Conventional wisdom holds that a Senate race will pull the lower ticket along, but in Connecticut this year the opposite may be true: *All* of these Democratic candidates have well-financed, well-organized operations developed over years and determined to draw anti-Bush voters to the polls.

How that will play out in battlegrounds like the Naugatuck Valley is anyone's guess. Joe Vicdomino, a Korean War veteran, retired Sikorsky manager and chairman of the Derby Democratic Town Committee, is a Lamont supporter. He frankly admits that probably two-thirds of his fellow committee members back Lieberman. Yet as Vicdomino talks, he drifts from the conventional backroom chatter of politics to his son. Like Sten Westguard's cousin, Vicdomino's son served in Iraq. Talking about the war's impact on his son arouses a quiet anger in Vicdomino's eyes that has nothing to do with the conversation a moment earlier about town committees, mayors and politics as usual.

The same polls showing Lieberman ahead suggest massive disquiet over Iraq: That recent *Courant*/UConn poll indicates that 60 percent of Connecticut voters believe going to war in Iraq was wrong, and a narrow majority favor setting a deadline for withdrawal. Twenty-eight Connecticut soldiers have died in Iraq, deaths that send out wide ripples in a small state. The question—with vivid national implications—is whether voters' clear revolt against the war translates into clear revolt against one of the war's principal promoters. For all the efforts of both Lamont and Lieberman to define themselves more broadly, the war is still what separates them most, and what matters most, in this race. ■

"Khalidi . . . a distinguished historian . . . [has] done much to provide a Palestinian narrative rooted in personal histories but disciplined by the standards of Western scholarship. [His] latest book is at heart a historical essay, an effort to decide why the Palestinians, unlike so many other peoples and tribes, have failed to achieve an independent state."
(Steven Erlanger, *New York Times*)

THE IRON CAGE
The Story of the Palestinian Struggle for Statehood
RASHID KHALIDI



$24.95 HARDCOVER

At a time when a lasting peace between the Palestinians and the Israelis seems virtually unattainable, understanding the roots of their conflict is an essential step in restoring hope to the region. In *The Iron Cage*, Rashid Khalidi, hones in on Palestinian politics and history. Khalidi provides a lucid context for the realities on the ground today, a context that has been, until now, notably lacking in our discourse.

Also Available

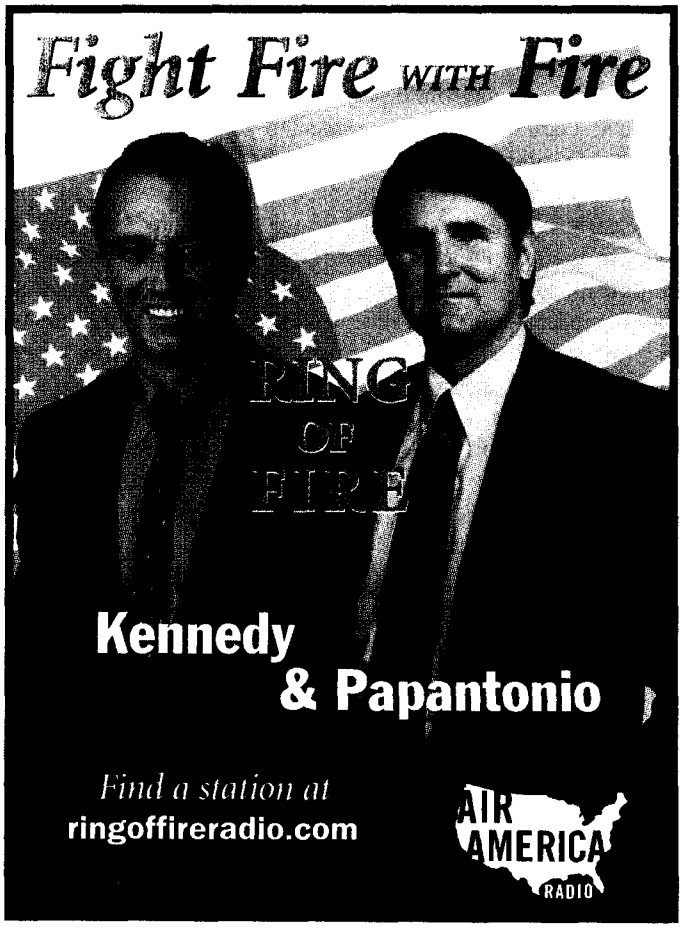
Resurrecting Empire: Western Footprints and America's Perilous Path in the Middle East

"Unlike most so-called Middle East experts, Khalidi actually knows a great deal about the region which allows him to make a sophisticated and persuasive case that the Bush administration's plan to re-make the Middle East at the end of a rifle barrel is delusional." —Professor John J. Mearsheimer

$14.00 PAPERBACK

Rashid Khalidi will be on tour throughout the Fall.
Visit www.beacon.org for information on his appearances.

BEACON *Over 150 Years of Independent Publishing*



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

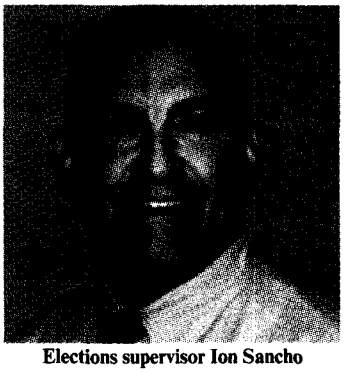
FLORIDA'S ESTABLISHMENT IS FURIOUS AT ION SANCHO. WHY? HE WANTS AN HONEST VOTE.

Guardian of the Ballot Box

ANDREW GUMBEL

Tallahassee

On the wall of his office in downtown Tallahassee, Ion Sancho, the county supervisor of elections, has a large aerial photograph of the state Capitol and surrounding buildings taken during the thirty-six-day battle for Florida that followed the 2000 presidential election. It's one of those photographs that become more revealing the closer you look. Lined up on the western side of the Capitol are the television trucks that took up their positions on the morning after the election—directly in front of then–Secretary of State Katherine Harris's ground-floor office windows—and that, by Thanksgiving, appeared to have become a permanent part of the landscape.



Elections supervisor Ion Sancho

What the occupants of those trucks couldn't see, but what Sancho now points out with the morbid enthusiasm of a tour guide at Dallas's Dealey Plaza, was the daily route taken by Harris's secret Republican Party minder, a lawyer and lobbyist called Mac Stipanovich, who sat with her throughout the ballot battle and guided her every move so they could, in his words, "bring this election in for a landing." Stipanovich, as Sancho shows me, parked in a lot on the other side of the Capitol and then took an underground passageway beneath the building so the media could not see him come and go.

On the roofs of two adjacent buildings, Tallahassee's City Hall and a State Senate office complex, black-clad police snipers are clearly visible. "Just in case those pesky voters got out of hand in their demands to have their votes counted," Sancho comments sardonically. Curiously, their guns are pointing not at the Republican-controlled state legislature, or even at the streets, but rather at the State Supreme Court, six of whose seven members at the time were Democratic appointees. The court's rulings in favor of full manual recounts in contested southern Florida counties provided Al Gore with his strongest lifeline in the closing stages of the electoral battle and were consequently denounced as intolerable partisan interference by armies of lawyers and spokesmen for the Bush campaign.

These days, the Florida establishment's guns are pointing—metaphorically, anyway—at Sancho himself. The issue is not that he is a Democrat in a GOP-controlled state. On the contrary, as a conscientious election administrator he keeps himself rigorously above the partisan fray. The problem, for Governor Jeb Bush's administration, is that Sancho is one of the few election supervisors who actually takes his job and his civic responsibility seriously. And that has put him front and center in the battle for fair elections—not only in Florida but across the entire country.

Sancho believes the voters deserve nothing less than a reliable, transparent and publicly accountable electoral system. He is deeply suspicious of turning the process over to a small handful of private voting-machine manufacturers whose products have been shown time and again—most recently in studies issued by Princeton and New York University's Brennan Center for Justice—to be poorly programmed, riddled with security holes and vulnerable to both uncorrectable error and undetectable foul play. "Why is making something open and transparent to citizens such an anathema?" he asks. "Unless you have a guilty conscience, you should have nothing to hide."

Rather than paperless electronic machines, which he refers to as "faith-based voting," his mainstay is a system of optically scanned paper ballots that are carefully audited after each election to make sure the machines are working properly. Unlike the vast majority of election supervisors, who are career administrators (many of them without the smarts or the ambition to work in a more highly prized area of local government), Sancho came to his job as a seasoned public policy analyst determined to fix the system because he had himself been the victim of malfunctioning voting machines during an unsuccessful run for local office in 1986. And fix it he did. In 2000, while voting machines were malfunctioning all over the state, Sancho and his optically scanned ballots in Leon County registered an error rate of 0.18 percent. (Neighboring Gadsden County, by contrast, had an error rate of more than 12 percent.) "It was our smoothest election ever," Sancho recalls—and it earned his staff the honorary title of "heroes of democracy" from a grateful county board of commissioners.

That gratitude has worn distinctly thin in the six years since, not because Sancho has changed but because the field of electoral reform has become poisoned by partisan politics and overcozy alliances between election administrators and voting-machine manufacturers. One senses, reading the official statements and correspondence concerning Sancho, a bafflement bordering on indignation that he can't be more like other supervisors—content to buy the machinery he's told to buy, keep everything behind closed doors and declare every election to be an unqualified success without actually going through the few audit mechanisms that the new generation of e-voting machines permits.

Instead, Sancho has become an increasingly vocal critic of lawmakers, in Florida and other states, who have sought to make it harder for certain categories of voters to register and get to the polls, through legally controversial ID laws and other means; who have sought to keep the election process away from the

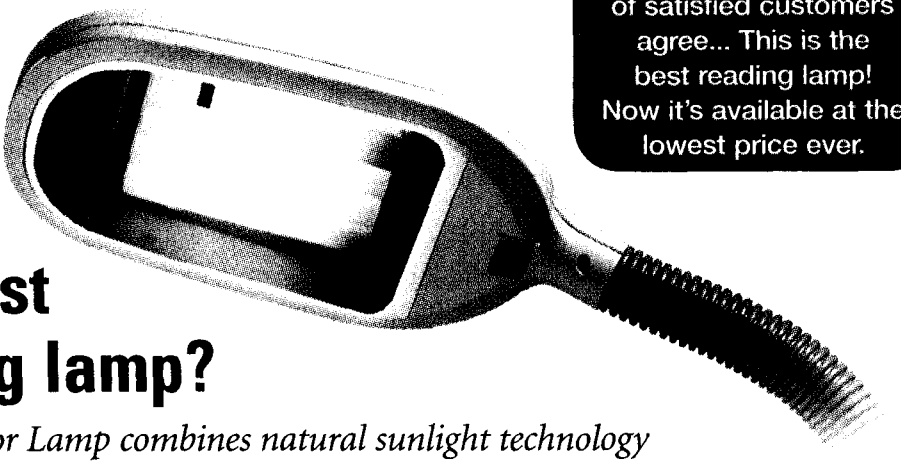
Andrew Gumbel is the author of Steal This Vote: Dirty Elections and the Rotten History of Democracy in America *(Nation Books) and a US correspondent for* The Independent *of London. Research support was provided by the Investigative Fund of The Nation Institute.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Now at our lowest price ever...$39.95**

Hundreds of Thousands of satisfied customers agree... This is the best reading lamp! Now it's available at the lowest price ever.

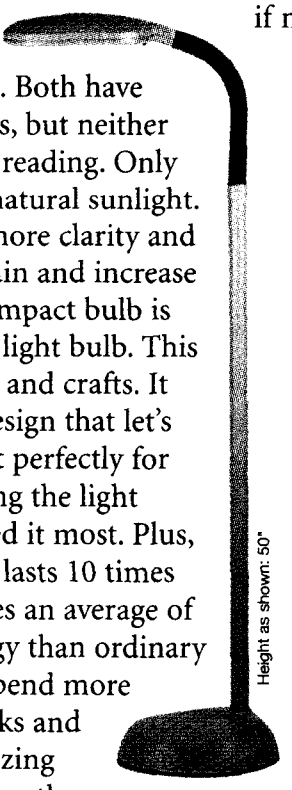
Doesn't a bestselling book deserve the world's best selling reading lamp?



The Balanced Spectrum Floor Lamp combines natural sunlight technology and handy features to create the perfect lamp for readers everywhere.

I've always loved to curl up with a new book, but once I hit my forties, I found myself reading less and less. It wasn't that there was nothing good to read, it was my eyes. I found myself putting down a good book because of eyestrain, even if I used reading glasses. That's when a friend in my book group told me about the Balanced Spectrum Floor Lamp. Now, I'm reading more than ever.

Hundreds of thousands are enjoying reading again! For years, reading lamps came in two types, incandescent and fluorescent. Both have their advantages, but neither one is right for reading. Only the full spectrum bulbs simulate natural sunlight. This light helps readers see with more clarity and sharper visibility to reduce eyestrain and increase reading enjoyment. Its 27-watt compact bulb is equivalent to a 150-watt ordinary light bulb. This makes it ideal for reading, writing and crafts. It features an exclusive gooseneck design that let's you position it perfectly for reading, putting the light where you need it most. Plus, since the bulb lasts 10 times longer and uses an average of 70% less energy than ordinary bulbs, you'll spend more time with books and less on your electric bill. This amazing lamp is easy on the eyes and easy on the hands. It features a special "soft-touch, flicker-free" rocker switch that's easier to use than traditional toggle or twist switches.



Value like you read about! Now more than ever is the time to get the world's best reading lamp at at this fantastic low price! The Balanced Spectrum Floor Lamp comes with firstSTREET's exclusive guarantee. Try this lamp for 90 days and return it for the product purchase price if not completely satisfied.

Balanced Spectrum® floor lamp

Item# ZX-3589 . . . . . **was ~~$59.95~~**

*Save $10 with mail-in rebate

PLUS– call now for $10 instant savings!

Only $39.95* each + S&H
after mail-in rebate

Please mention promotional code 31981.

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day

1-800-711-8094

We accept all major credit cards, or if you choose, you can pay by check with ClearTran™ over the phone. To order by mail, please call for details.

www.balancedspectrum.com

firstSTREET®
SEE IT HERE FIRST

1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

All rights reserved. © 2006 TechnoBrands®, Inc.

41442

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

eyes of domestic and international observers; and who have made meaningful recounts all but impossible. He has argued vigorously against electronic touch-screen machines, which the state and the voting-machine companies have been promoting hard since the punch-card debacle of 2000. In short, he has pushed for greater openness, while they have tried to push the process ever further from public scrutiny. And that has turned him into something of a lightning rod, and a target.

Recently Sancho threw his support behind a citizens' initiative in Sarasota County, which uses only touch screens, to impose a voter-verifiable paper ballot and a regime of independent random audits. The activists in Sarasota—the jurisdiction represented by Katherine Harris in Congress—appreciated his intervention, but he also sent the local election supervisor, Kathy Dent, into a blind fury. In a voice-mail message he happily played back for me, Dent told him she didn't appreciate his interference and suggested: "You stay in your little corner of the world and I'll stay in mine."

While Sancho has pushed for greater openness, lawmakers have tried to push the voting process further from public scrutiny.

Earlier this year the state and the big three voting-machine companies—Diebold, Sequoia and ES&S—went further in expressing their displeasure: They made a concerted effort to have Sancho removed from office, and very nearly succeeded. Here's what happened: Sancho had invited a Finnish computer security expert called Harri Hursti to use Leon County's voting machinery, made by Diebold, to test his contention that the tabulation software that keeps count of the optically scanned votes was vulnerable to manipulation. Several times in the summer and fall of 2005 Hursti managed to compromise the memory card, which controls the tabulation process, with what he said was a commercially available agricultural scanning device. Last December, in the last of his tests, Hursti conducted a mock election in which eight county workers were invited to pronounce on the ballot question: "Can the votes of this Diebold system be hacked using the memory card?" Six voted no and two voted yes. But when the results spat out of the tabulator they read seven yes and one no.

The obvious conclusion was that the machines were vulnerable to hacking by a corrupt county insider, or anyone else with access to the tabulation device. Worse still, the machines betrayed no evidence of tampering or malfunction, meaning that the hack was well-nigh undetectable barring a manual recount of the paper ballots. Sancho approached Diebold and asked the company to address this gaping security flaw. But Diebold's response was to send a series of threatening letters in which the company accused Sancho himself of compromising the security of the machines, describing his actions as "reckless...foolish and irresponsible." Sancho's countermove was to sever ties with the company and start looking for an alternative voting system.

That was when things started getting tricky. Sancho initially hoped to turn to ES&S, which not only had an optical-scan system on the market but was also bringing out a new system called AutoMARK, which made it possible for disabled citizens to vote independently—a requirement for the 2006 voting cycle laid down by the Help America Vote Act, passed by Congress four years ago. At the end of December, however, ES&S made the abrupt decision not to do business with him. It was the same story with Sequoia, which initially offered a hugely expensive all-touch-screen system that Sancho didn't want but then backed out at the last moment. Sancho still had his old optical-scan machines, so he reluctantly went back to Diebold and asked the company if it would provide the extra equipment he needed to keep Leon County in compliance with HAVA. Diebold turned him down cold.

Sancho became convinced he had been blacklisted because, as he told me, he was "a walking and talking contradiction of what [the voting-machine companies] have been attempting to spin about the integrity of their systems." Then the state and county authorities moved in on him. Florida Secretary of State Sue Cobb wrote in February to say that if he did not have a HAVA-compliant system in place by May 1 the state would remove him from office. She also ordered him to return a half-million-dollar HAVA federal grant. That, in turn, triggered the ire of Leon County's commission chairman, Bill Proctor, who fired off memos painting Sancho as a troublemaker whose "ideological pursuits"—an interesting way to describe the desire for fair elections—had enmeshed the county in deep legal and financial difficulties.

Sancho steeled himself for the fight of his life, relying largely on the support of the local electorate, which has returned him to office by overwhelming margins four times in a row, and on Florida's major newspapers, which rallied vigorously to his defense. In the end, his salvation came from the unlikeliest of sources. Florida's Republican Attorney General, Charlie Crist—who just happens to be running for governor this year—came roaring out of nowhere and announced he was issuing investigative subpoenas to all three major voting-machine vendors because he suspected that their refusal to sell to Leon County was a violation of the state's antitrust and civil rights laws. "We have an obligation to protect democracy and afford our citizens the right to vote in a fair and open democratic process," Crist said. "If the companies are being petty, they need to stop."

And stop they did. Within a month Diebold agreed to sell Leon County enough touch screens to fulfill the HAVA disability requirement. Sancho, characteristically, did not bask in his triumph. This, after all, was not the system he had wanted—the AutoMARK was never cleared for certification by Cobb's office, and no other non-touch-screen system met with the state's approval. The way he saw it, his work was cut out to make the Diebold machines safe for the voters before the primaries on September 5. "What am I going to do?" he said. "Crow victory because I was forced to buy machinery which, if I had my druthers, I'd rather have nothing to do with at all?"

Instead, he set about making the Diebold touch screens as tamper-proof as humanly possible. Before the primaries his staff fitted each AccuVote TSx terminal with five separate numbered seals, including one holding the memory card in its slot and another over the modem port. The seals are particularly important in a state like Florida, which authorizes precinct clerks to take

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

equipment home with them the night before an election (a practice known charmingly as a "sleepover"). Generic seals, used in many other counties, are too easy to break and replace; the numbered seals offer an extra layer of security. Sancho was also uncomfortable with the fact that the memory card slot and the on/off switch were right next to each other. To make it harder for anyone to take the machine apart and fiddle with it from the inside, he borrowed an idea from Alachua County: His technicians drilled a hole in the hard plastic outer shell of each machine just large enough for the precinct clerk to push the on/off switch with a metal stylus.

Diebold agreed to each of these security modifications, but there is certainly no love lost between the company and the supervisor. Sancho has not been shy in pointing out the shortcomings of the equipment—everything from software security issues identified by some of the country's leading computer scientists to the zipper on the bright blue canvas bags that Diebold provides to help transport the TSx terminals. "The zipper is not very good," Sancho told me, as we stood in the downtown Amtrak terminal his office uses on the eve of each election to distribute equipment, checklists and specific instructions to the precinct clerks. "So we've put a bungee rope inside each bag as a backup, each with its own dedicated seal, in case it's needed."

'It's so refreshing to find someone who, regardless of partisan politics, stands up for what he believes in.' —A Florida primary voter

Sancho is a big believer in voter education—he never passes up a chance to appear on local television news stations to talk up both the importance and the mechanics of voting—and he makes no secret of his distrust of a system, like the Diebold TSx, that has no paper backup and is thus largely inauditable. Leon County's voters have clearly been listening to him—and reading the regular alarming reports on e-voting in the major Florida newspapers—because they have almost universally shunned the TSx in favor of the optically scanned paper-ballot system. Of more than 54,000 people who turned out to vote in the September primary in Leon County—at a turnout rate almost twice the statewide average—just 1,400, or 2.6 percent, used the TSx. It's been the same story around most of the rest of Florida. In a recent city election in Gadsden County, which now has an optical-scan system as its mainstay, not a single voter opted for the ES&S touch-screen alternative.

The trend is becoming national. Connecticut and New Mexico have both canceled plans for a major statewide buy of electronic touch screens. Maryland, one of two states to go all-touch-screen in the first flush of enthusiasm over computer voting, has a serious case of buyer's remorse following a meltdown in the September primary. Maryland's GOP governor, Robert Ehrlich, even tried to win a few quick political brownie points ahead of his tough re-election fight by suggesting a return to paper ballots in November. As a matter of practicality, that is not going to happen, because the time is just too tight. As a matter of savvy politics, though, it's clear that electronic voting machines are now widely regarded as the problem, not the solution.

That in itself is a damning indictment of the politicians and election administrators who rushed to purchase expensive computer systems without first checking that they actually worked. Worse still, the evidence from Montgomery County, Maryland, and elsewhere is that administrators didn't even see the need to provide an adequate supply of paper ballots as a backup in case of machine malfunction or human error. (Several members of Congress are now agitating for federal grants to the counties to make sure the paper backup is there and paid for.)

Sancho has followed events in Maryland closely, and is characteristically blunt about what is at stake when machines start to go wrong—or when, say, administrators somehow forget to include the smart cards needed to operate the touch-screen terminals in the equipment packs they send out to precincts. "It always starts out as a little thing," he said. "But little things have a habit of cascading into bigger problems. And if someone ends up disenfranchised, it's no longer a little problem."

Sancho's watchword all along has been: "I don't need new. I need effective." He has come to understand, over the years, that election administration is not about buying fancy machines and waving a magic wand. It's about being supremely organized—what he calls "the ability to reduce every task to its smallest segregate elements." When his precinct clerks come to the Amtrak depot on election eve, they check off every equipment item and seal number to make sure everything is properly accounted for. And when they bring the equipment back at the end of election day, the same process occurs in reverse.

Sancho is both a workaholic and something of a micromanager, so he is intimately familiar with every aspect of his operation. He approaches his job a little like an old-fashioned ward boss in a city machine. He makes it his business to drive around the county dropping off last-minute absentee ballots, say, or to look up the records of a voter who believes he has been registered as a member of the wrong party. His staff gives his mobile phone number to anyone with a complaint or query, and he answers each of them in person. On election day he can be found racing from one precinct to another in his open-top red truck, a white hat protecting his bald head from the punishing Florida sun, checking on reports of malfunctioning machinery or candidates getting too close to the voters, or precinct staff who show any signs of irresponsible behavior. He drinks too much coffee and he drives too fast, but his energy is also unflagging. "I'm the troubleshooter," he says. "My job is to find the flaws my employees have not identified."

His personal contact with the voters also does wonders for his popularity: Election day typically sees him showered with compliments wherever he goes. "I appreciate your stamina. It's so refreshing to find someone who, regardless of partisan politics, stands up for what he believes in," a retired county worker (who did not want to be named) told him on primary day in September at a precinct at Tallahassee Community College. She took me aside and added: "You have to admire someone who refuses to be crushed by his opponents. And he's fought some big dogs."

The big dogs in Florida are responsible for several amendments to the state election law, many of them either strikes against openness and accountability or plays for partisan advantage for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the Republican Party, or both. Election observers, both domestic and international, are now banned from voting precincts—a clear violation of international norms to which the United States subscribes. Challenging the eligibility of individual voters, a tactic employed predominantly by Republicans, has now become easier. The rules for absentee balloting, regarded as a net benefit for the Republicans, are also significantly laxer. But early voting, regarded as a net source of Democratic votes since it was introduced in the 2004 election cycle, has been made slightly more restrictive.

Most damaging, though, is last year's rewrite of the rules on recounts. Section 102.166 of the state election law is titled "Manual recounts" but makes clear that such a concept is, to all intents and purposes, now obsolete. The best the law offers, in the event of a very close race, is a re-examination of paper ballots discarded by the machines the first time around, either because of overvoting (when the ballot appears to have been marked more than once for a given race) or undervoting (when the ballot appears not to have been marked at all). The sort of full manual recounts that voting-rights advocates (and, to a halfhearted degree, the Gore campaign) demanded in 2000 are now, literally, outlawed. We'll never see another voting meltdown in Florida—not because the system has been fixed but because the mechanism for demonstrating that a meltdown has occurred has simply been removed. Between the introduction of paperless computers and the abolition of recounts, what Florida is left with is, essentially, an electoral regime based on blind faith.

In Leon County things are a little different. Because Sancho, like the state's sixty-six other county election supervisors, is an elected official, he wields far more discretion over the management of his office than his counterparts in, say, Ohio, who answer to supervisory boards made up of appointees from the two major parties. He can't break state law, but he can go beyond it if he chooses—keeping early voting sites open up to election day for the convenience of absentee voters who have missed the postal deadline, for example, or conducting postelection audits to make sure the tabulation machinery is working correctly.

In short, Ion Sancho remains the master of his domain—for the moment. When he showed up at his own suburban precinct at the Indian Springs Baptist Church on primary day, he received an amiable joshing from the staff. "Would you like to try out our new touch screen?" a worker called Casey asked him.

"No," he replied, smiling. "I want my paper ballot."

Casey told him he'd heard the same thing from a lot of people. Sancho shot a glance at the TSx sitting forlornly on its own side of the room and added: "Those things aren't hot sellers right now, are they?" ■

RAISING WAGES IS INCREASINGLY SEEN AS A MATTER OF ETHICS IN THE AMERICAN WEST.

The Moral Minimum

SASHA ABRAMSKY

David Coss sits at ease behind his large desk, his long, wiry body draped in a gray-brown linen suit. A Georgia O'Keeffe poster of a horned animal's skull hangs on the wall behind him. A second poster, in pastels, shows off a glorious Southwestern desert and mountain landscape, evoking swirling dreams and endless possibilities. With his neatly coiffed hair and graying goatee, Coss looks like a high-end attorney or, perhaps, a CEO. In fact, he has a background as an environmental scientist and a union organizer, and he is currently the mayor of Santa Fe, New Mexico. He has risen to power at least in part because of his assertive championing of the most comprehensive living-wage statute in America.

RYAN INZANA

Three years ago, after a decade-long campaign by social-justice activists, seven of the eight councilors in this chic—and expensive—desert town voted to raise the city's minimum wage to $8.50 an hour, with successive increases built in that would hike it up to $10.50 by 2008. In the years since, the courts have rejected legal challenges to the law, and public support for the change has remained high—notwithstanding doom and gloom prognostications from the town's tourism-dominated service industries. As of mid-2006, the lowest hourly wage permissible in Santa Fe was $9.50. It is, Coss avers, "basic economic fairness in making the economy work for everyone and not just the people at the top." When in 2004 the Chamber of Commerce ran candidates against the four councilors most outspoken in their support of the living wage, all four of the chamber's candidates were soundly beaten on election day.

Santa Fe's move followed those of dozens of other municipalities over the past decade. In 1994 Baltimore kick-started the process by passing a modest living-wage ordinance affecting about 1,500 workers. By the turn of the century, more than sixty other cities had followed suit. In the years since, dozens more have enacted such laws. In some cases the living wage affects only city workers, or businesses that contract with city and state governments; elsewhere they apply across the board. In some cases grassroots activists have convinced developers of large construction projects to abide by living-wage guidelines [see Bobbi Murray, "Minimum Security," July 12, 2004]. What makes Santa Fe's law particularly important is its breadth and ambition.

In a town with a high percentage of practicing Catholics, the

Sasha Abramsky, a senior fellow at Demos, is the author of Conned: How Millions Went to Prison, Lost the Vote and Helped Send George W. Bush to the White House *(New Press).*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

living wage in Santa Fe has been pushed not just as a sensible economic move—as a way to stimulate spending-and-savings cycles at the bottom edge of the labor market—but as a moral imperative, backed up by the authority of papal encyclicals dating back to Leo XIII at the tail end of the nineteenth century. "No one who works full-time should have to live in poverty," Monsignor Jerome Martinez states. The monsignor is a middle-aged man with a shock of curly gray hair, a warm smile and a deeply suntanned, slightly pocked face. He shares his cluttered office next to the spectacular Cathedral of St. Francis with two large green cactuses and several oil paintings of Jesus. "The dignity of the worker is more than just being a cog in the industrial machine," he says. "The just wage provides sustenance, housing, minimum healthcare, retirement benefits and that the worker should have an opportunity to be generous. The ability to be generous is an important aspect of the church. It makes you feel more like a human being." Smiling broadly, Martinez proudly recalls that, at a time when living-wage advocates dreamed of the $8.50 earnings floor, the church in Santa Fe paid none of its sixty-five employees less than $11.50 an hour.

While Washington politicians have dithered, a growing number of states and cities have crafted their own living-wage laws.

In September 1997 Congress raised the federal minimum wage to $5.15 an hour, where it has remained ever since. Their income eroded by inflation, America's lowest-paid workers now receive less per hour, in real terms, than at any time in the past fifty years. Working a forty-hour week, a minimum-wage worker earns about $11,000 a year, a pitiably small amount for a single person and one that is utterly degrading to a worker supporting an entire family.

"I just barely paid my bills," recalls 49-year-old Mike Taylor, a burly man with uneven teeth and receding ginger hair, sitting in the offices of the local branch of ACORN, in a poor neighborhood of Albuquerque. Taylor is a community activist and one-time KFC worker who, before he became unemployed, pulled in a $300 weekly paycheck. "I wasn't able to go out and enjoy movies, didn't go out to dinner. I couldn't even afford KFC. And that's just a single person. I had guys over there worked two jobs and their wives worked two jobs, because they had children. There's only been a couple of times in my life I was able to save anything. There was a time I was working $10 an hour and I could pay my bills and still save up $1,000. I was 45 then. I'm 49 now."

Until recently, whenever Democratic politicians called for raising the minimum wage, Republicans in Congress blocked it. This summer the GOP changed tactics. Faced with an increasingly vociferous movement to raise it, and with attention focused on Chicago's passage of a living-wage ordinance mandating that big-box companies such as Wal-Mart increase pay and benefits, party strategists came up with a novel approach: Support a hike in the baseline pay scale, but tie it to a huge cut in the estate tax for wealthy Americans. Not surprisingly, this was unacceptable to Democrats and to moderate Republicans, and the push for a higher national minimum wage fizzled out. The maneuver served its purpose, allowing the GOP to claim they now were the party that favored raising the minimum wage, while leaving companies free to get on with the business of underpaying their employees.

While politicians have dithered and played strategy games around the issue, an increasing number of cities and states have begun stepping in, crafting their own minimum-wage and living-wage laws. "Raising the minimum wage appropriately belongs at the federal level," New Mexico Attorney General Patricia Madrid argues. "But because they have failed to act in ten years, states and cities have taken on that role." "I'm quite happy city by city," Santa Fe's Mayor Coss argues. "The business community is soon going to want the federal government to do something, because the minimum wage is proving so successful locally." In other words, Coss believes, create a national standard or risk having electorates in many parts of the country pass initiatives raising local wages far more than Congress would ever contemplate doing.

This year legislators in Arkansas and Michigan have raised the minimum wage in their states; and California and Massachusetts now have minimum wages approaching Santa Fe's level. Somewhat surprisingly, however, the most dramatic minimum-wage campaigns are occurring in the interior Western states, in classic Barry Goldwater country, with trade unions, churches and community groups forming potent coalitions for change. "The hope is that with these minimum-wage campaigns, it's the first step to building economic-justice campaigns in these Western states," says Paul Sonn of New York University's Brennan Center for Justice. "There's this economic populist yearning that hasn't been recognized." Sonn and other organizers around this issue believe that it will take ten or fifteen years of work to get the federal government to restore the value of the minimum wage to the level it was at in the 1960s. In the meantime, local actions and political movements, they argue, will be key to keeping the pressure on politicians in Washington.

"That's the key to the West," argues Deanna Archuleta, a feisty county commissioner in New Mexico's Bernalillo County, which includes Albuquerque. "If you're not willing to do it for us, we'll do it ourselves, particularly in New Mexico. Across the board, we're just less afraid to take the risk."

In 2004 Nevada's voters passed a minimum-wage initiative, the first step in a two-stage election process to get the law onto the books. This November it's on the ballot again, and supporters believe its passage is a near certainty. A similar initiative in Arizona, backed by Governor Janet Napolitano, breezed to qualification for the ballot, with 209,000 signatures. An initiative is on the ballot in Colorado that would raise the minimum wage to $6.85 and index it to inflation, complementing an already existing living-wage statute in the city of Denver. And, although a minimum-wage increase died in New Mexico's state legislature last year, in several cities and counties, including the population hubs of Albuquerque and Santa Fe and the wilderness town of Gallup, such measures either have been passed or are on the verge of passage. Recently, Governor Bill Richardson has thrown his support behind a statewide minimum wage, and the betting money is on a statewide bill passing when the legislature next convenes, in early 2007. Since Washington, Oregon and California already have relatively high minimum wages, once this crop of initiatives passes, most of the American West will

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be far ahead of the standards set by the federal government.

In the West in particular, the framing of the minimum-wage debate is increasingly being turned on its head. Whereas in the past the minimum wage was portrayed by chambers of commerce and their political allies as Big Government intruding on the rights of businessmen to operate in a laissez-faire environment, today it is the absence of a viable minimum wage that is being discussed as a Big Government subsidy to corporate America. When companies like Wal-Mart pay too little for workers to meet their basic financial needs, and don't offer adequate health and pension benefits, government programs fill some of the gap, paying Medicaid bills, supporting elderly ex-workers, providing food stamps and other forms of welfare. Minimum-wage legislation is, in a sense, a way to insure that taxpayers don't have to clean up the messes left by private companies. In an era in which, for better or worse, many Americans are deeply suspicious of government, this way of framing the issue has allowed minimum-wage campaigns to garner huge levels of support even among conservative and upper-income voters in states like Arizona."[Employers] are asking state and federal governments to subsidize private business by providing welfare and food stamps," Monsignor Martinez expostulates. "It's a position the church feels is not fair."

The minimum wage, Western proponents emphasize, is a way of using government to temper the worst excesses of the market. It is, writes author David Callahan in his newly published book *The Moral Center*, a matter of "honoring work," something quintessentially a part of the American promise that if you put in the labor you'll have at least a chance at upward mobility.

In an era in which large numbers of working-class Americans have turned to the Republican Party because of its supposed fealty to "moral values," the minimum wage is proving fertile terrain for a more progressive brand of politics and a broader discussion of "values."

"We need to be appealing to blue-collar workers again," argues Martin Heinrich, president of the Albuquerque City Council and a leading supporter of minimum-wage legislation. "I grew up in a household where my dad worked for a utility company and my mom worked for the auto industry." Progressive politicians, Heinrich says, need to embrace "populist economics," and that means taking companies to task when they fail to pay their workers fairly. "Very few businesses will be willing to be the businesses singled out by the papers for failing to pay the minimum."

When restaurant owners bemoaned Santa Fe's living-wage ordinance, Coss was positively caustic in his response. "We didn't get the new Chili's restaurant because of the living wage. It's hilarious to me—I'm sitting in the culinary capital of the Southwest and I'm supposed to be concerned because we didn't get a new Chili's!" Unemployment in his city, he is quick to add, is at 4 percent, just under the New Mexico state average and lower than that of the country as a whole. And, he argues, drawing on a study by University of Massachusetts economists, across the country raising the minimum wage has not hurt employment and has raised the income of non-minimum-wage workers too. "It's that old saying," explains Robin Gould, president of the Northern New Mexico Central Labor Council, while sipping tea in one of Santa Fe's numerous upscale cafes. "A rising tide lifts all boats." All told, about 9,000 workers in Coss's city, many of whom either live in Albuquerque or in the poor, unincorporated areas southwest of Santa Fe itself, now receive larger paychecks because of the minimum-wage law.

"Every time a business closes now, they blame it on the living wage," Coss says in exasperation. "But if you look at annual openings and closings, there's no discernible impact of the living wage. It gives us an opening for saying that economic development is about all of us." ■

LETTERS
CONTINUED

(Continued From Page 2)

update on Spain's use of "universal jurisdiction" in Guatemala [Oct. 9]. As someone who cares deeply about this issue and works for justice in Guatemala, I enjoy seeing a corrective to the media black hole that is coverage of Latin America since our gaze has shifted to the Middle East. It also reminds me why I subscribe to *The Nation*. It wasn't so long ago that US policy supported despotic Latin American governments, thus the struggle for justice in Guatemala has great implications for current US rhetoric on democracy. JOSH MACLEOD

OTTOMANS: NOT YET FOOTSTOOLS

Rochester, NY

■ Daniel Lazare's otherwise good review of *Osman's Dream* ["Ottoman Ghosts," Sept. 25] is marred by a common error about the Battle of Lepanto. Despite Catholic (Chesterton!) propaganda, Lepanto was not decisive and certainly did not result in the Ottomans' "losing their grip in the eastern Mediterranean."

In the year of Lepanto, the Ottomans took Cyprus. The vizier is said to have remarked that Venice may have singed his beard, but he had cut off her right arm (see Jan Morris, *The Venetian Empire*, a must-read for anyone interested in Aegean history).

And in 1645 the Ottomans conquered Crete, the jewel of the Aegean. (Besieged Iraklion famously held out till 1669, but Cretans count the Turkokratia from the fall of Chania, the capital at that time. Crete is the precise borderline between Christianity and Islam.)

SAM ABRAMS

LAZARE REPLIES

New York City

■ Rather than echoing chest-thumping Catholic propaganda, I should have written merely that the Battle of Lepanto was a sign that the Ottoman domination of the eastern Mediterranean was not as complete as previously believed. My thanks to Sam Abrams for the clarification.

DANIEL LAZARE

BIG BOX—1, CHICAGO—0

Chicago

■ As a Chicagoan, I appreciated Katrina vanden Heuvel and Sam Graham-Felsen's piece on the Big Box minimum-wage ordinance passed by the City Council ["Chicago's Living Wage," Sept. 25]. Sadly, Mayor Richard Daley "vetoed" the ordinance by getting three aldermen to change their votes. No job versus a low-paying job is no choice. Once again the big corporations won by bullying the people, saying they wouldn't come to Chicago if the ordinance was in place. And we the people are the losers, in a city where people working all day cannot pay the rent and buy food for their families. JOELLEN SBRISSA

PURE AS THE DRIVEN SNOW

Vallejo, Calif.

■ Each time Bush's press secretary appears in the news, I wait for the media to characterize the offerings with the obvious term: "Snow Job." Have I missed it? GALE POOLE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

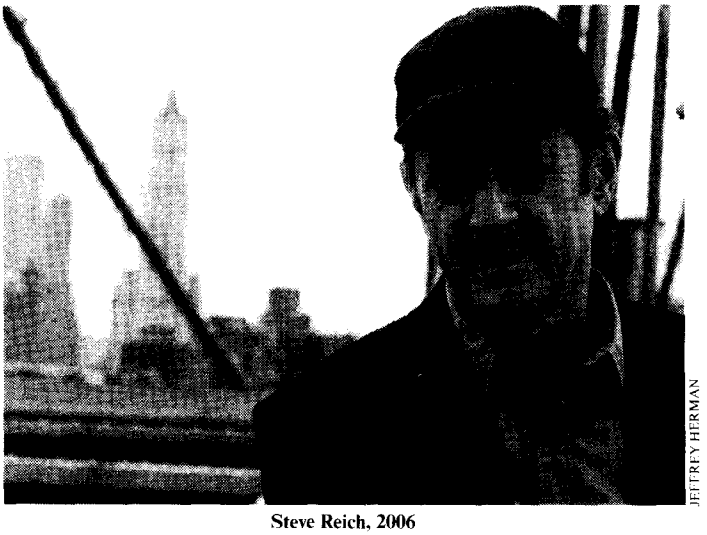
BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Rebel in Defense of Tradition

DAVID SCHIFF

Not since Aaron Copland turned 75 has the birthday of an American composer been greeted with the jubilation now surrounding Steve Reich as he enters his eighth decade. The classical establishment, which still hasn't figured out how to award Reich a Pulitzer Prize, has finally embraced a composer, and a movement, that it had relegated to the margins. Everyone else, it seems, has understood Reich's importance at least since 1974, when Deutsche Grammophon released a three-LP album of his music. The absurd delay in official recognition may be the price Reich has paid for his radical rejection of the habits of both the concert hall and of what used to pass for "new music." His radicalism, however, has turned out to be profoundly conservative. It returned American art music from the wastelands of academic atonality and neo-Romantic nostalgia to its most fruitful mission, the fusion of utopian ideals and the sounds of everyday life that we hear in Charles Ives's *Three Places in New England*, George Gershwin's *Concerto in F*, Aaron Copland's *Appalachian Spring* and Duke Ellington's *Black, Brown and Beige*. Reich's *Music for 18 Musicians* (1974–76), an hour of elegant sonic splendor drawn from chords, riffs and colors you might hear in a shopping mall, belongs in that august company—and it is certainly not the only gem in Reich's body of work, though it remains my favorite.

As Reich turns 70, minimalist music is almost a half-century old. The founding fathers, La Monte Young and Terry Riley, met in Berkeley in 1960. They were both studying composition at Berkeley and admired the music of Bartók and Webern, but Young spent the summer of 1957 meditating on sounds and vibrations. This exercise yielded Young's *Trio for Strings*, an hour of music made of just a few sustained tones, now usually considered the first minimalist piece. But it was the performance of Riley's *In C* in 1964 that put minimalism on the map. Reich, who had studied at Juilliard with Vincent Persichetti and then at Mills College with Luciano Berio, performed in the premiere of *In C*. In 1966 Reich moved back to New York, where he got to know Philip Glass. At one point they had a moving company together; Glass also worked as a plumber while Reich drove a cab. Someday there may be a Mount Rushmore for the four first minimalists, but they still differ a bit on the details of who came up with what ideas and when, and they soon went very separate ways. Young and Riley had been jazz musicians; they were influenced by the conceptual ideas of John Cage and, even more, by the Indian music taught to them by Pandit Pran Nath. The European past held less interest for them than the Indian tradition, which they pursue to this day. By contrast, both Reich and Glass, though deeply involved with non-Western musical cultures, had studied at Juilliard, and Glass had worked with Nadia Boulanger—the epicenter of European musical pedagogy. While Young and Riley have remained cult figures far from the classical mainstream, Reich and Glass had larger ambitions quite early. With grandly scaled works like Glass's *Music in Twelve Parts* (1971–74),

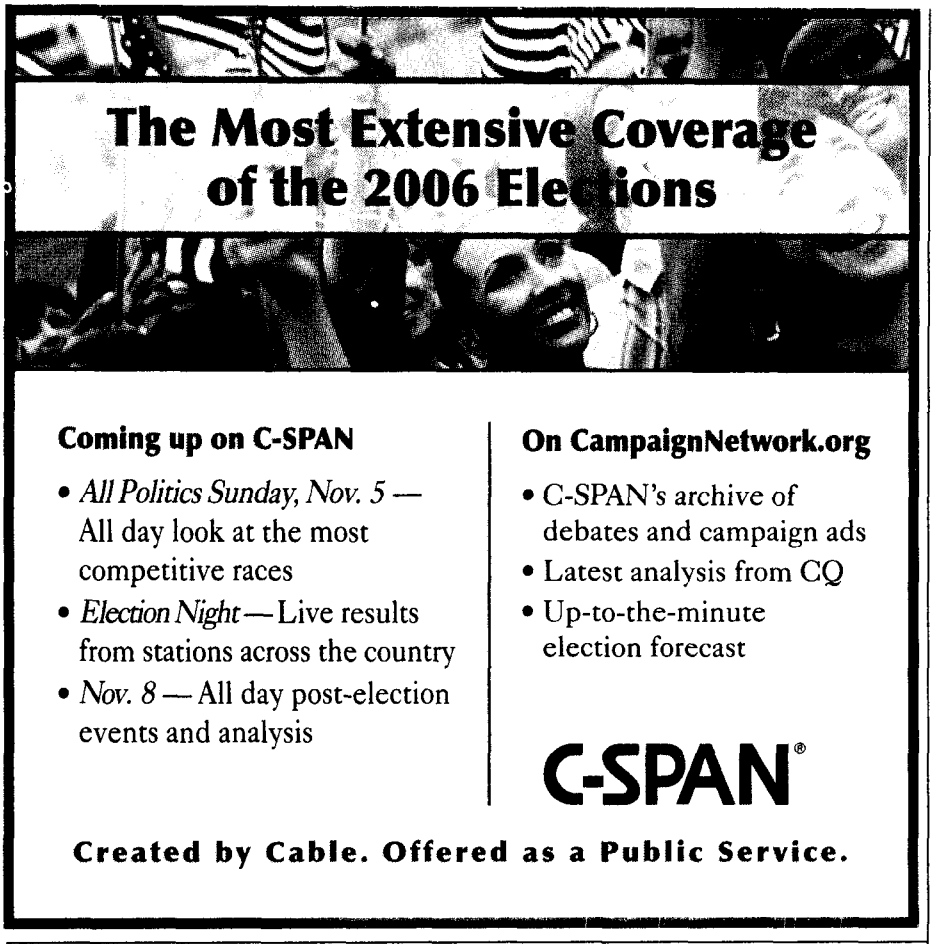


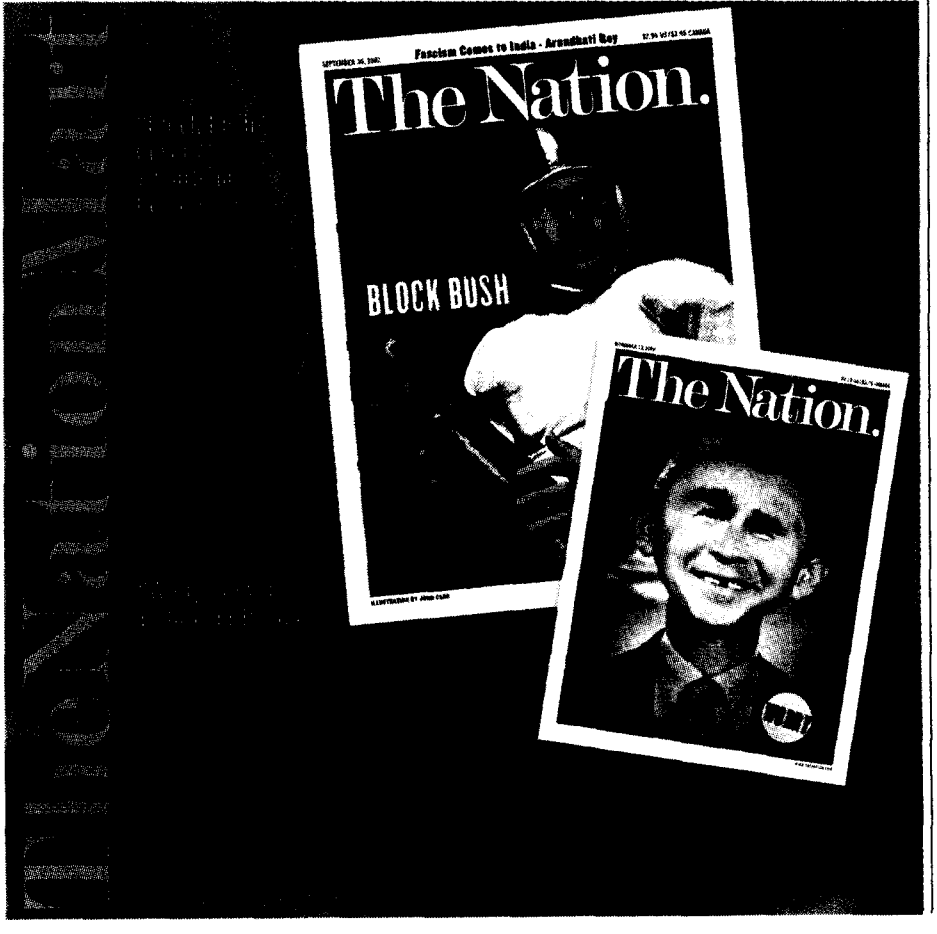
JEFFREY HERMAN

Steve Reich, 2006

David Schiff, a composer and professor of music at Reed College, writes on classical music for The Atlantic.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


The Most Extensive Coverage
of the 2006 Elections
Coming up on C-SPAN
• All Politics Sunday, Nov. 5 — All day look at the most competitive races
• Election Night — Live results from stations across the country
• Nov. 8 — All day post-election events and analysis
On CampaignNetwork.org
• C-SPAN's archive of debates and campaign ads
• Latest analysis from CQ
• Up-to-the-minute election forecast
C-SPAN®
Created by Cable. Offered as a Public Service.



and Reich's *Four Organs* (1970), they set forth the claim that they, not the serialists, were the true successors to the composers of the European tradition, from Leonin and Perotin through Monteverdi, Bach and Stravinsky. The classical establishment assumed—at great cost to its cultural authority—that they were joking.

Perhaps most threatening to the classical world at the time was the easy coexistence of minimalism and rock music. The tension between "high" and "low" in the classical music world is at least as old as the 1924 premiere of *Rhapsody in Blue*, a work that everyone embraced except Gershwin's better-educated fellow composers, who were not amused. When Henry Pleasants's *The Agony of Modern Music* appeared in 1955, claiming that jazz was the true heir to the Western tradition and that modernism was a perverse dead end, Copland himself led the chorus of high-minded disapproval. By the '60s, though, high-mindedness seemed merely hidebound. In the decade of the Beatles, John Coltrane, Miles Davis, Brian Wilson, James Brown, Aretha Franklin, Bob Dylan, Smokey Robinson and Frank Zappa, classical music offered little to justify its exalted cultural position other than its glorious past. And yet finding a fresh connection between classical and pop styles was hardly obvious; Leonard Bernstein's *Mass* struck many listeners then as a grotesque example of what happens when a classical composer, even one with a lot of pop credentials, heads south: a stylistic mishmash retaining the pretentiousness of the high and the banality of the low.

Reich's music was first heard in New York in the late '60s, mainly at art galleries and museums where the minimalism and conceptualism of Donald Judd and Sol LeWitt formed an appropriate backdrop. At that time I was studying in England and discovering the very different vanguard idiom of Karlheinz Stockhausen. My closest brush with minimalism had been a performance I gave with three Cambridge friends of Riley's *Keyboard Studies*, a more intimate version of *In C*. I first encountered Reich's music in 1974, and it rearranged my musical universe. Reich's ensemble performed at Columbia, not at McMillan Theater (now reborn as the very hip Miller Theater), where serialism had reigned since the early 1960s, but in the even drearier expanse of Wollman Auditorium, part of a student union, now demolished, thrown up in 1960 without, it would seem, the services of an architect.

I was then a graduate student in English

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

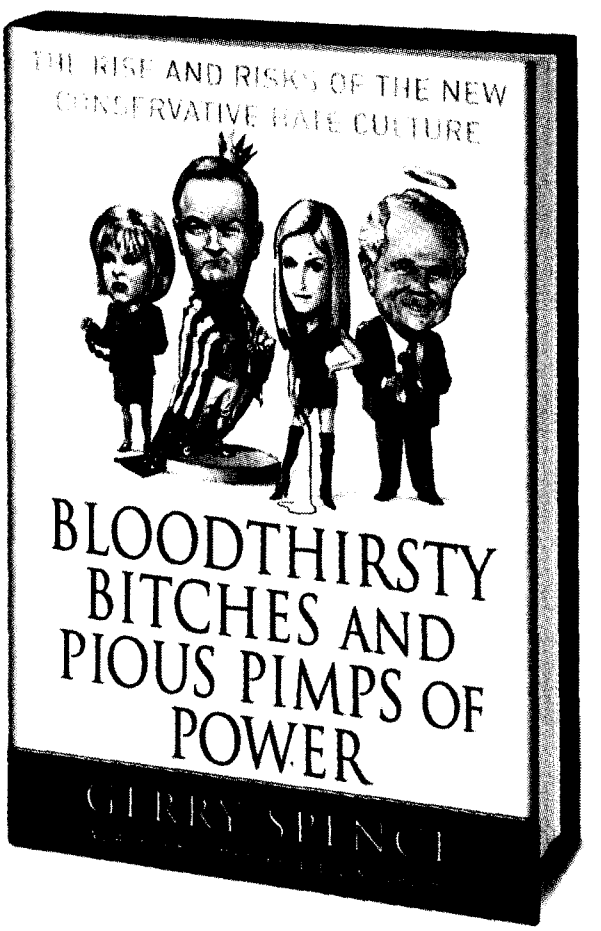
literature at Columbia, but on Wednesday evenings I played in a West African music group led by musicologist Nicholas England and Ghanaian master drummer Alfred Ladzekpo. I had read that Reich had also studied the Ewe music that we played with Ladzekpo, so I wanted to check him out. When I showed up for the concert Wollman was scantily occupied, and there was little in the way of a buzz. Reich's musicians were easily identified by their geek-squad uniforms: white shirts, black trousers. To begin Reich and, I believe, percussionist Russell Hartenberger performed *Clapping Music*, which has since become the ensemble's theme song. *Clapping Music* is absurdly simple, at least to describe: A single rhythm, related to the twelve-beat West African pattern you hear at the opening of *All Things Considered*, is repeated over and over by two players. One clapper, however, rotates the pattern one beat at a time until, five minutes or so later, the two players converge.

This rotational process, which Reich called "phasing," is at once the form and content of a piece that might have seemed like a mathematical exercise—except that it put a smile on your face the way a Haydn minuet can. The rhythm, whatever its ethnic and arithmetic roots, had a familiar swing—it's the kind of rhythm girls jump rope to, boys sass with and cheerleaders use to work up the crowd. But as the two clappers went out of phase, the unexpected happened. Reich and Hartenberger were clapping into a microphone. The mike didn't just boost the volume; it clarified the sound of four hands clapping so that you heard pitches, melodies, harmonies, overtones—it put the ping in clapping. The everyday rhythm, the everyday sound, the familiar action of ritualized approval—all had been put through a musical prism, refracted and magnified. The ordinary became magic.

And that was just the start. The lengthy, casually paced concert also included Reich's *Drumming* (1970–71) and his bliss-inducing *Music for Mallet Instruments, Voices and Organ* (1973), which evoked the sound of a Balinese gamelan and also, somehow, memories of the Macy's toy department at Christmas. Although I was engrossed in the music, I slowly became aware of a sociological event in the hall. In the course of the performances, some audience members left—hardly unusual at performances of new music—but they soon returned with friends. Halfway through *Drumming* the hall was filled to capacity. I had never before seen contemporary music attract a crowd—or even imagined the possibility. The grim "new" music that was played at McMillan, one block north, seemed intended only for a composer's teachers and, perhaps, immediate family. At its most interesting, as in works by Stefan Wolpe, that tense, angular, disjointed "uptown" music challenged your tolerance for angst, but most of the music you heard there was by wannabe Weberns and Wolpes smugly turning out forgettable imitations of an expressionist style that had peaked a half-century earlier. My friends called its performers the Group for Contemptible (or Contemptuous) Music. As soon as I heard Steve Reich's works I knew that "contemptuous music" was dead and that I could set my own music on a brighter path—an experience shared by many composers of my generation (like John Adams) and those who have followed (such as Michael Torke and the entire Bang on a Can collective).

By opening the concert with the starkly simple *Clapping Music*, Reich created the impression that it was the seed for the larger works that would follow in the concert and in the years to come. In his writings Reich conveys a very logical sense of his own development. There seems to be a straight line from *Clapping Music* to *Drumming* to *Music for Mallet Instruments*

FROM THE *NEW YORK TIMES* BESTSELLING AUTHOR



ISN'T HATE A BITCH?

Ann Coulter. Bill O'Reilly. Nancy Grace. Pat Robertson. Rush Limbaugh. Together, they're Team Hate: the right-wing media demagogues who profit by playing on hatred and promoting the Bush agenda. Their virulent words are leading us into a Fourth Reich, where dissenters are scape-goated and our liberties trampled by government and business interests. The question is: Why are we listening to them?

gerryspence.com stmartins.com St. Martin's Press

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to *Six Pianos*, each work building on its predecessor until Reich reaches nirvana in *Music for 18 Musicians*. As I came to know Reich's *oeuvre*, I learned that *Clapping Music* actually marked the beginning of a second phase in his work, following a near-fatal trip to Ghana in 1970. In 1964 Reich had come upon phasing by accident when he was editing a tape recording of a black preacher; he misaligned two tape loops, setting in motion a process that transformed the preacher's words into abstract sounds. The result was Reich's opus one, *It's Gonna Rain*. In 1966 he refined this technique in another piece for tape, *Come Out*, which premiered at a benefit concert for the retrial of the "Harlem Six," a group of black youths charged with committing a murder during the 1964 Harlem riots. The voice of Daniel Hamm, a 19-year-old member of the Harlem Six—five of whom, including Hamm, were later acquitted—is first heard clearly saying, "I wanted to come out and show them." The phrase "Come out and show them" is then transformed through phasing to become an evolving series of rhythms, timbres and pitches. These early works remain fascinating, but their politics is troubling. They seem to spring directly from the civil rights struggle, and yet the phasing process calls attention away from the meaning of words to their sounds. A similar critique could be made of *Drumming*, where Reich extracted West African rhythms from their context and imposed on them a sophisticated process of transformation unrelated to their traditional forms. Was Reich, like many modernists before him, simply going primitive? All of Reich's music, like much American classical music, stands in a complicated relationship to popular music in general and to African-American genres of popular music in particular. Reich's stylized African drumming fits neatly into the tradition of Ives's hyperactive imitations of ragtime and Copland's Debussyan reflections on the blues. Reich has described *Drumming* as a non-African extension of the phasing technique, but there is an African, or African-American, presence in almost all his music—most provocatively in the voice of a Pullman porter in *Different Trains* (1988)—hinting that more complex motives are at work.

At the time, though, Reich's stylistic turn with *Clapping Music* seemed simply aesthetic. He had dropped the use of tape loops (at least for a few years) and also had called a moratorium on the more arcane conceptualism of works like *Pendulum Music*; instead, his works were performed by live musicians and, as he predicted in 1970, re-embraced tonal harmonies. Already clearly opposed to "uptown" music, Reich broke any lingering connections he had with the bohemian Cageian "downtown." No more futuristic technology, no more conceptual games: Reich seemed to recast himself almost as a folk musician, or at least a musician with an ear for folk music. Going tonal for Reich did not mean going back to Bach; *Six Pianos* (1973) sounded more like the diatonic, folky sections of *Petrouchka*, while the luminously scored polyphony of the *Variations for Winds, Strings and Keyboard* (1979) recalled Ravel. Tonal harmonies soon produced tonal melodies, or at least Stravinskian modal ones, as in *Tehillim*, the first of Reich's settings of Jewish texts. When I first heard it, *Tehillim* struck me as surprisingly close in style to Bernstein's popular *Chichester Psalms*; both works locate their notion of Jewishness in Israel rather than the shtetl.

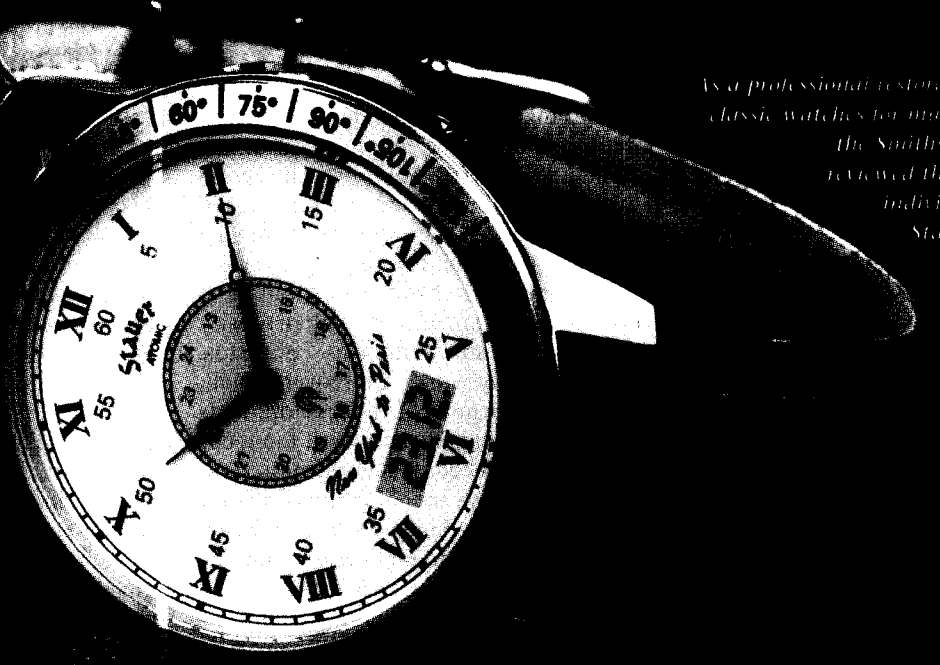
Reich's Different Trains *is built on the impossible distance between the Holocaust's victims and those whose lives were untouched.*

Just when Reich seemed to be drifting away from his radical beginnings, he changed course again. With a series of pieces called "Counterpoint," written for soloists and prerecorded tapes, he reopened the technological explorations of his early works; and then in *Different Trains*, for string quartet and tape, he found a new use for the connections between recorded speech and musical patterns of *It's Gonna Rain*. Once again the music was political, but here the subject was the Holocaust. Reich addressed the central aesthetic and moral issue of post-Holocaust art head-on: The art can never approach the horror of its subject. Rather than trying to create an illusion of the horror, as Schoenberg had done in *A Survivor From Warsaw*, Reich built *Different Trains* on the impossible distance between those who had perished and those whose lives, thanks to the accidents of place and time, were untouched. During World War II, Reich and his nanny traveled back and forth comfortably between the homes of his divorced parents in New York and Los Angeles. In *Different Trains*, composed for the Kronos Quartet, he juxtaposed recordings of a black porter on the Super Chief he rode between New York and Los Angeles during the war with the voices of Holocaust survivors who had endured train rides to the camps. The musical patterns of their fragmented reminiscences generate melodic and rhythmic ideas played by a live string quartet and prerecorded strings. The live players, appropriately, seem trapped in a musical environment beyond their control or understanding.

Different Trains reflected not only Reich's deepening sense of his Jewish identity but also the influence of his wife, video artist Beryl Korot. Her work *Dachau 1974* (viewable at www.pbs.org/auschwitz/dachau) is a four-channel "visual tapestry." Images of a visit to the camp are played on four TV screens. As Korot describes it, "Each channel is assigned a slightly separate rhythm of image and one-second black pause for the duration of the work. These pauses interrupt the narrative, allowing identical images to be played against one another but with slightly different timings." In other words, Korot employed a visual phasing process akin to the musical phasing of her husband's work. There is no music in the piece, however; there is only the sound of tourists plodding through the camp. At one moment, for no given reason, there is a short burst of laughter, which rattles horrifyingly as the phasing process amplifies and multiplies its sound. Korot's work seems the complement of Reich's, not just by being visual but more by dealing with areas of experience far from the joyous affirmation of his music. Korot's art challenged Reich to confront his own shadows.

Korot and Reich did not actually collaborate until *The Cave* (1990–93), based on taped interviews Reich made with Israelis, Palestinians and Americans at the biblical site of Abraham's cave. Their second collaboration, *Three Tales* (2002), deals with the crash of the Hindenburg, atomic tests at Bikini and the cloned sheep Dolly; in many ways its spiritual critique of technical progress makes it a parallel to *Koyaanisqatsi*, Philip Glass's collaboration with film director Godfrey Reggio. Critical opinion has been widely divided on the Reich/Korot collaborations. I like the way Reich has allowed the subject matter of *Three Tales* to broaden his sound palette and loosen up his harmonies—it is refreshing to hear him sacrificing his habitual and alluring sonic sheen. Reich has called these works his operas, and they may point the way to a musical theater where live performance and technology interact in much more interesting ways than they do in today's opera houses. But opera, for me, is erotic in its essence, and it would be interesting to see what would

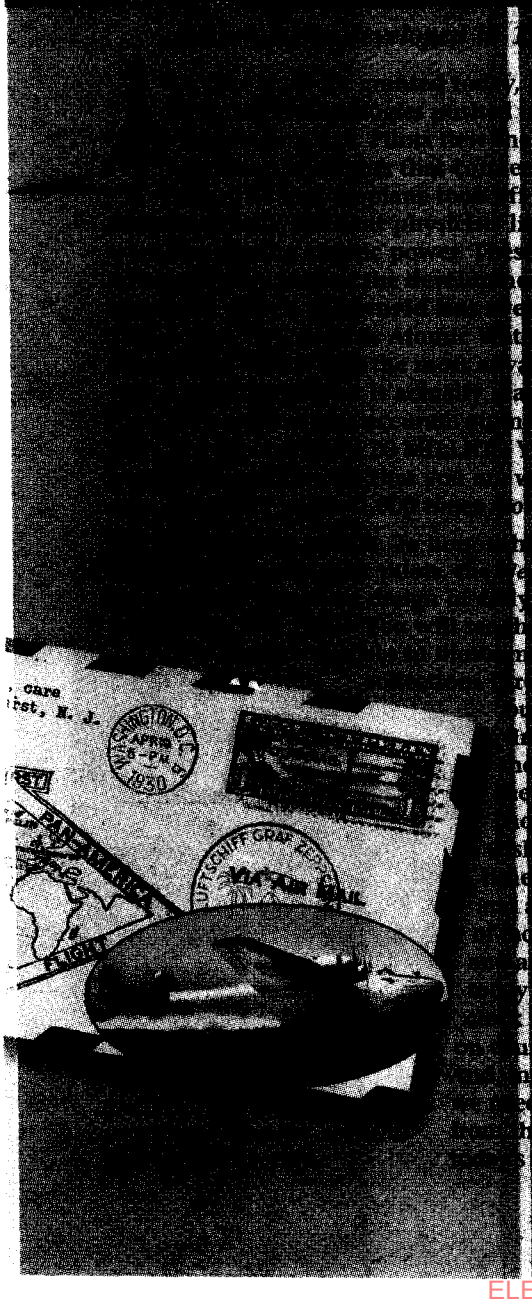
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



As a professional restorer of antique and classic watches for museums and collectors, the Smithsonian Institution reviewed the movement and individual parts of the Stauer New York to Paris Model watch. The assembly and the presentation of the movement were described as "functional masterpieces."

George Thomas
Lawson Watch Company

It's Not Rocket Science.....Or Is It?



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

happen if Korot and Reich took on a subject where the politics was also personal.

In many respects Steve Reich reminds me of Aaron Copland. His music has a similar economy of means, an almost puritanical severity and control that seem justified when the music delivers, as it so often does, a vision of the promised land. Like Copland, Reich began as an uncompromising, hard-edge rebel (Reich's *Four Organs* is the equivalent of Copland's *Piano Variations*) and later revealed a warmer and more varied humanity. Reich's music, like Copland's, is American in its idealism—and that ideal is spiritual. Both Copland and Reich are religious composers, even though Copland did not consider himself religious whereas Reich is an Orthodox Jew. Although both composers write happy music, Reich gets to happy more easily than Copland did, maybe too easily: The lonely, blues-haunted mood of *Music for the Theater*, or the *Piano Sonata*, has, so far, little parallel in Reich's work.

Copland, though, made his peace with the concert hall, aided by two powerful conducting allies, Koussevitzky and Bernstein. Although Reich has had his champions in the classical sector, most notably Michael Tilson Thomas, he has resisted compromise with the habits of orchestral music-making. The plush sound of the Romantic orchestra holds little attraction for him; his *Variations* sound like Perotin, not Mahler. Reich writes for instruments with a precise understanding of their character akin to Stravinsky's, but he is not interested in conventional virtuosity and has, to date, written no concertos. From his early works, moreover, Reich, while rejecting most of the developments in electronic music, embraced the technologies of mechanical reproduction, overdubbing and amplification—all still anathema in the classical world. A Reich performance is a complex dance of hands-on musicianship and technical sophistication, as live musicians often must synchronize with rerecorded sounds and then the entire mix of live and recorded elements is carefully kept in balance. Perhaps surprisingly, the result—when all elements work—is neither loud nor synthetic but present, even intimate. Sometimes the avant-garde is right: Most composers today work with a sound engineer, and classical audiences have come to accept and even demand the artfully controlled, electronically enhanced ambience on which Reich's music depends.

For years Reich kept tight control over performances of his music and largely limited them to his own ensemble. This may have made good business sense, but any music benefits from varied interpretation. A good way to celebrate Steve Reich's 70th would be to buy a fistful of CDs. Nonesuch has re-released many of its Reich-led recordings on a five-CD set, *Phases*; the recording of the exquisitely fashioned *Proverb* (1995) is worth the price of the whole, though there is something about Nonesuch's production style that seems to take the edge off all the edgy music it admirably releases. Even more interesting are two performances a bit further from Reich's inner circle. On the Cantaloupe label you can hear a splendid performance of *Tehillim* and an even more revelatory reading of *Desert Music* (1984) conducted by Alan Pierson with Ossia, a student group from the Eastman Conservatory and the hot new-music orchestra Alarm Will Sound. Or for something further afield from previous recordings, try the Naiveclassique CD with David Robertson conducting the Orchestre National de Lyon of *Different Trains* and *Triple Quartet*, recently re-arranged by Reich for large string orchestra. These new arrangements put two major Reich works within the reach of most symphony orchestras. Now that's a reason to clap hands. ■

a joint project of
greenfestival
You want to be green, but you have questions.
Can you make a fork from corn? How can I tell if a company is honestly green? Is it fair for my job description to include "clean glass ceiling"?
At Green Festival you'll find real answers, great food, live entertainment and guilt-free compostables.
Live well, do good.
06 NOV 10 11 12
san francisco
concourse exhibition center
07 APR 21 22
chicago
mccormick place/lakeside
exhibit space available
877 727 2179
www.greenfestivals.org
sustainlane
RSF
ORGANIC VALLEY
ecolution
Ms.
Utne
The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Death in the Family

GIDEON LEWIS-KRAUS

THE LOST: A Search for Six of Six Million. By Daniel Mendelsohn. HarperCollins. 512 pp. $27.95.

In 2003 philosopher Peter Singer wrote *Pushing Time Away*, a biography of his grandfather David Oppenheim, a Viennese Jew killed in the Holocaust. In a devastating critique published later that year in *The New York Review of Books*, Daniel Mendelsohn argued that Singer had managed to write a book about the Holocaust devoid of emotional content. Oppenheim's story in and of itself was obviously tragic, but, according to Mendelsohn, Singer had done his best to insure that neither he nor his readers would feel very deeply about it. Keen on fending off the sentimentalism that attaches to so much Holocaust literature, Singer evinced "a tendency to miss emotional clues and rich details of lived life that, in another's hands, would have made this biography searing rather than merely affecting."

Shortly before that review appeared, Mendelsohn, a professor of the humanities at Bard and a frequent contributor to *The New York Review of Books*, had traveled to Sydney to interview a group of Holocaust survivors (whom he, after his grandfather's Yiddish inflection, thinks of as "surwivors") for his own rather similar book, *The Lost*. Now that it has appeared, it's clear why Mendelsohn's disappointment with Singer's book seemed so personal. Mendelsohn and Singer share a set of premises. The Holocaust, both men believe, has become caked in cheap sentiment, pressed into the service of an easy sadness that makes the tragedy feel strip-mined to Mendelsohn's generation—those whose grandparents saw the insides of the camps—and even more so to the next. Holocaust writing can veer close, they think, to the tawdry and exploitative. The Swiss impostor Binjamin Wilkomirski, for one, played the trump card of Holocaust authenticity with his 1995 memoir *Fragments*, about life in a concentration camp he had never been in; the enormous success (and adaptation into film) of Jonathan Safran Foer's first novel, *Everything Is Illuminated*, owed not a little to its schmaltzy treatment of the Holocaust.

There was thus the whiff of a secret boast ("in another's hands") to Mendelsohn's point about Singer. That boast has now been amply justified. Mendelsohn's engagement with these concerns—his honest critical appraisal of his own motivations for and misgivings about writing a charming, elegant, suspenseful book about such grave matters—has made for a work that is not "merely affecting," indeed not only "searing," but extraordinary.

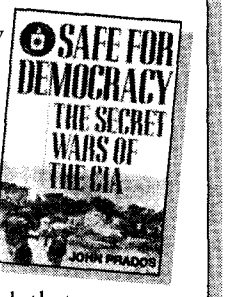
The Lost is both a book about the Holocaust and a book about how to go about telling the stories of the Holocaust—and by extension, a book about what it means to lay claim to a story that is not your own. A "fable about the eternal conflict between what happened and the *story* of what happened," it details the moral crimes of the Nazis as it describes the ethical misdemeanors we may commit in writing about their victims. Mendelsohn interweaves his own narrative with extended discussions of the first three portions of Genesis; these sections not only add a biblical echo to his travels but show Mendelsohn working within an ancient Talmudic tradition characterized by competing interpretations. The biblical readings alternate texts by late-medieval French rabbi Rashi with those of a modern commentator, though Mendelsohn frequently disagrees with these authorities. All three write with great self-assuredness, even as they acknowledge that no one gets to have the final say. All interpretations inevitably will be revised by later generations. *The Lost*, too, is a story that is necessarily incomplete.

Mendelsohn's object is to uncover the history of his great-uncle Shmiel Jäger, who perished in the camps along with his wife, Ester, and their four daughters. ("Murdered," the verb of choice in Germany's culture of public remembrance, might seem a more appropriate term, but Mendelsohn, a classicist by training, prefers the Latinate word "perish," with its connotations of "passing through.") For 300 years the Jägers had lived in the Galician village of Bolechow, which saw more than its share of

Gideon Lewis-Kraus has written for the New York Times Book Review, Bookforum *and* The Believer. *He lives in San Francisco.*

JOHN PRADOS

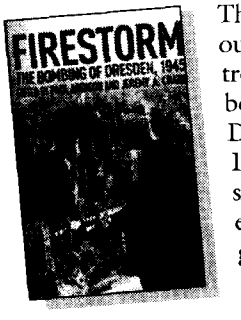
Safe for Democracy



The compelling, definitive history of the CIA's secret wars by one of our foremost historians of national security affairs. "A masterful account...an authoritative book that demythologizes the agency."—KAI BIRD. "The first really comprehensive history of the CIA."—THOMAS POWERS.

PAUL ADDISON AND JEREMY A. CRANG, EDITORS

Firestorm



The notorious and controversial bombing of Dresden, 1945, considered by eight distinguished international authorities who review the origins, conduct, and consequences of the raids. "Invaluable context and perspectives...consistently thought-provoking."—*Times Literary Supplement.*

Just published

Ivan R. Dee, Publisher

www.ivanrdee.com

Chicago • A Member of the Rowman & Littlefield Publishing Group

At your bookseller, or order toll-free 1-800-462-6420 with a major credit card.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

geopolitical vertigo: First it was a part of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, then Poland, Germany, Russia and now Ukraine. (The Ukrainians spell it "Bolekhiv," but Mendelsohn prefers the Old Country spelling.) Shmiel's younger brother was Mendelsohn's beloved grandfather. Shmiel's siblings made it out before the war, but Shmiel stayed behind: He'd already immigrated to New York once, before World War I, but had returned home. A wealthy and poised figure, he preferred the prestige he enjoyed in his village.

From the time Mendelsohn was a child, his mere presence was enough to make some of his older relatives cry and lapse into murmured Yiddish. He looked, they would tell him, just like Uncle Shmiel, who had been "*killed by the Nazis*." As Mendelsohn grew older and his genealogical interest became obsessive, the story of Uncle Shmiel and his family—or lack thereof—troubled him. He had always heard whispered rumors of further details: They hid in a castle; they fought with the partisans in the forest. When his grandfather, suffering from cancer and survivor's guilt, killed himself in 1980, Mendelsohn found a cache of letters he'd carried around with him in a faded ostrich-skin wallet. They were Uncle Shmiel's desperate pleas to his American family for money or connections, anything that might help his family escape from Poland. Mendelsohn began to sense, and to long for, a story more rounded than "*killed by the Nazis*." As Mendelsohn puts it: "Killed by the Nazis—yes, but by whom, exactly?"

His search began five years ago with a family trip—a cliché, he calls it—to the "ancestral shtetl," Auschwitz, and other Holocaust sites. "It had been," he writes, "to rescue my relatives from generalities, symbols, abbreviations, to restore to them their particularity and distinctiveness, that I had come on this strange and arduous trip." He had come, he avows with a mixture of pride and shame, "to learn about only six of six million."

The clues he gleaned from this first trip to Bolechow (he returned twice) led him to survivor channels in Israel, and then on to Australia. After an unexpected phone call from an adolescent suitor of Shmiel's daughter Ruchele, Mendelsohn headed to Sydney with his brother Matt, a photographer, to interview the handful of Bolechowers there. Interviews revealed that a few other former neighbors of Uncle Shmiel were still alive. Of 6,000 Jews in Bolechow before the war, forty-eight had survived the Nazis (they hid in cellars; they fled on foot to Uzbekistan), and by the time Mendelsohn tracked them down only twelve remained, scattered in Stockholm, Minsk, Beer Sheva, Haifa, Copenhagen. (Eight of those twelve, an appended memorial notice observes, died before the completion of this book.)

The Lost is part detective story and part wild-goose chase, with Mendelsohn traveling across the world to meet with a cast of vividly drawn nonagenarian Polish Jews. They flirt with him, chide him, pinch his cheeks and feed him (constantly). And they tell him whatever they remember about the Jägers—not only how they died, but how they lived. Shmiel, we learn, was tall, a little deaf and a shrewd businessman who owned two trucks. The four daughters were by turns independent, coquettish, studious.

While representations of the Holocaust have devolved into clichés, injunctions against representing it have congealed into a dogma.

Though we know, of course, that in the end Shmiel and his family were killed by the Nazis, we who are inured to the Holocaust on its usual scale find that this difference in order of magnitude provides for real suspense: Mendelsohn announces early that he did arrive at some ultimate answers, but he reserves such satisfactions for the very end. And at that end, when after many false starts and misapprehensions we learn what happened to the Jägers, or at least what probably happened to them, we discover that Mendelsohn's relentless travels and his diligent research mattered less than dumb luck:

> The bizarre coincidence that of all the stories of *people who were hidden*, this man, whom we'd almost missed that day, whom we would never have...asked the right question if Froma hadn't once again pushed, demanded one more look, this man knew only one story of Jews who'd been hidden, which turned out to be the one story I was interested in, the story I'd spent the past four years tracking down and piecing together.

It is entirely fitting that his story's resolution is a matter not of effort but of coincidence, for the Jägers' story—like so many—is full of such contingencies: Why couldn't Uncle Shmiel have just stayed in New York? Why was his own grandfather lucky enough to make it out before the war? Rather than attempt to answer these questions by theorizing about the workings of history, Mendelsohn stays close to the pain he experiences when he finally uncovers his uncle's story. "Something snapped in me at that moment," he writes. "I simply sank down and squatted there in the dust of the street and started to cry."

Ours is the era of the twenty-four-hour History Channel Brownshirt parade, *Schindler's List* and "March of the Living" tourism. These representations are so clichéd that some people feel justified in ignoring them. Suspecting—rightly, I think—that this procession of images desensitizes us to the actual horror, they turn away. Meanwhile, claims about the Holocaust's unrepresentability, made by Theodor Adorno, Claude Lanzmann and others, have congealed into dogma as well. Beyond cliché, however, such claims are pompous: Adorno's pronouncement that poetry after Auschwitz is barbarism, for example, implies that his authority should pre-empt any further conversation on the matter.

The Lost aims to awaken individual-scale anguish about the Holocaust, but these precedents make Mendelsohn profoundly ambivalent at the prospect of his book's success. If he does not achieve some catharsis, he believes, he fails as a storyteller; if he provides false consolation, he does not do justice to the victims. The result would be, as the critic J. Hoberman wrote of *Schindler's List*, "a feel-good story about the ultimate feed-bad experience."

What Mendelsohn wants to create is a story "good enough to be true, to repeat." His hope is that he can emotionally reconnect readers to the Holocaust on the narrowest possible terms, by emphasizing, as a novelist might, not an incomprehensible enormity but a series of individual rescues and betrayals. Such a story would end with "something memorable, a punch line or a tragedy that you'd always remember." That "or," however, hides an "and": Mendelsohn's punch line *is* a tragedy.

The subtext of *The Lost*—and what places Mendelsohn in the company of the most perceptive chroniclers of the Holocaust—is his anxiety about this conflict. His resolution is to keep his story as open and sprawling as he can without sacrificing narrative dash. So the story is rife with what-ifs, apologies, renunciations; they are tactics Mendelsohn learned from his grandfather, who told stories "in vast circling loops, so that each incident, each character...has its own mini-history, a story within a story." In this way, "the story of why his beautiful sister had been forced to marry her ugly, hunchbacked cousin began, necessarily from my grandfather's point of view, with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*Introducing the world's simplest, most hassle-free cell phone – with service as low as $10 a month**

If you've ever said to yourself, "I'll never buy a cell phone," you need to read this!

OneTouch

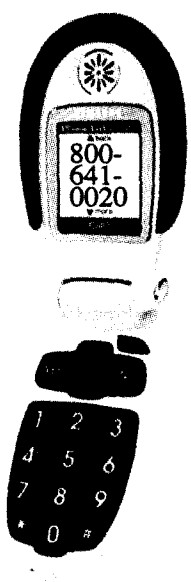
The Jitterbug™ developed with Samsung®.
It's the cell phone that's changing all the rules

For people like me, who want a phone that's easy to see and easy to use. Over the years, cell phones have become smaller and smaller with so many complicated features. They are harder to program and harder to use. This revolutionary new phone is not only easy to use, it's easy to try. No crowded malls, no waiting in line, no confusing sales people or complicated plans. Affordable and convenient cell phone service is only a toll-free phone call away.

The new Jitterbug™ Cell Phone makes calling simple!

- Phone arrives with phone numbers preprogrammed, so it's ready to use
- Available in OneTouch™ or Full Dial model.
- Large bright easy-to-see display and buttons
- Push "Yes" to call directly from personal phone list
- Soft ear cushion and louder volume for better sound quality
- Hearing aid compatible
- Familiar dial tone confirms service
- Service as low as $10 a month*
- Access help wherever you go

Why pay for minutes you'll never use!	Simple Emergency Plan	Simple 30 Plan
Monthly Price	$10.00	$15.00
Included minutes	0	30
Price per addt'l minute	35 cents	35 cents
Operator Assistance	24/7	24/7
911 Access	FREE	FREE
Long Distance calls	No addt'l charge	No addt'l charge
Calls from anywhere in US	No addt'l charge	No addt'l charge
Nationwide coverage	Yes	Yes
Free Trial	30 days	30 days



Full Dial Phone

Service as low as $10 a month and a 30-day money-back guarantee.** If you've ever wanted the security and convenience of a cell phone but never wanted the fancy features and minutes you don't need... Jitterbug is for you. Like me, you'll soon be telling your friends about Jitterbug. Call now... this product is not available in stores!

Jitterbug™ Cell Phone Item# BU-4722

Call now for our lowest price.

Plus get a FREE Car Charger– valued at $24

Offer valid through 11/30/06

Please mention promotional code 31983.

1-800-641-0020

www.jitterbugdirect.com

firstSTREET®
SEE IT HERE FIRST

1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

All rights reserved. © 2006 TechnoBrands®, Inc.

*Not including government taxes, assessment surcharges and activation fee.
**Applies to phone only, provided talk time usage is fewer than 30 minutes. Usage charges may apply.

47228

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the story of how his father had died suddenly one morning in the spa at Jaremcze." The basic shapes of this kind of story—which Mendelsohn traces to both Hellenist and Hebraist sources—are the coil and the tendril. Each story opens onto another, yet the impulse behind these digressions isn't merely evasive (although there is naturally some evasion; these things are not so easy to talk about) but generous. *The Lost* calls to mind a typesetter's drawer full of parentheses: a deposit of endings and beginnings.

Mendelsohn's stories feature a wealth of such contradictory detail: Frydka Jäger was either pregnant or she wasn't; Shmiel's brother Itzhak fled to Palestine either because his wife was a fervent Zionist or because he was scandalized by a clandestine non-Kosher-meat operation. Mendelsohn offers more dots than he could possibly connect; he has provided enough material for more than just one version of events. The tale he tells might at any moment be interrupted by the voice of a clamoring cousin. Interviews with survivors, travelogue portions and Mendelsohn's own reflections are interwoven; many sections end with ellipsis points, threads to be taken up again later.

Another set of detours is provided by the photographs taken by Mendelsohn's brother Matt, which are interspersed throughout the text. Daniel takes care to point out that these images are not just ancillary to his narrative but represent Matt's own understanding of their family story. At times, Daniel openly wonders about the framing decisions his brother makes: Why shoot two members of the Australian cohort in the knee-high Bondi Beach surf? But he doesn't even try to answer. He avoids "the temptation to ventriloquize"—the temptation to play all parts as the storyteller—and allows these images to pass without comment.

Mendelsohn manages, after much cajoling, to get an interview with the winsomely recalcitrant Meg Grossbard, a friend of Shmiel's daughter Frydka. But, he writes, "she knew that the minute she allowed me to start telling her stories, they would become my stories." And so she insisted their whole conversation be off the record (Mendelsohn wryly assures us it was remarkable). Thus one of the most resonant scenes in the journey is simply left out. All he shares with us is a description of the traditional Bolechower kasha and pirogies she made for him. He listened, he writes, "in silence, the way I used to listen." Mendelsohn's silence is reverent; through it, he concedes that there are stories that are simply not ours to retell. This concession resurfaces at the end of the book in a moving passage, when he at last discovers Shmiel's fate:

> For a long time I had thirsted after *specifics*, after *details*, had pushed the people I'd gone all over the world to talk to to remember more, to think harder, to give me the concrete thing that would make the story come alive. But that, I now saw, was the problem. I had wanted the details and the specifics for the *story*, and had not—as how could I not, I who never knew them, who had never had anything *but* stories?—really understood until now what it meant to be a *detail*, a specific.... I was reminded the more forcefully that they had been specific people with specific deaths, and those lives and deaths belonged to them, not me, no matter how gripping the story that may be told about them.

The subtlest tactic in Mendelsohn's struggle with himself, his struggle against the impulse to possess too exclusively this story, is his use of sentimentality. While Singer's fear of sentimentality led him into an aloof pose, Mendelsohn confronts sentiment by admitting its power. Sentiment may be unimaginative or unearned emotion, but Mendelsohn sees it as usefully well trodden—ritualized emotion. Singer's book suffers from emotional vacancy, but Mendelsohn's is almost overemotional. It is wholly consumed with feeling: for the distant relatives he never knew, for the grandparents he did know, for the siblings with whom he's sparred. Alongside his discovery of Uncle Shmiel's fate, he writes, "I found something else, too: a brother whom I'd never really known before, a deep-feeling and soft-hearted man, an artist who says little and sees much...a man whose arm I broke once because, at least in part, he had a name of which I was jealous."

Because *The Lost* is not just about the Holocaust but about his own family and his own emotional journey, Mendelsohn expresses guilt that he may be vandalizing the Holocaust to learn more about himself. (His last book, *The Elusive Embrace*, used his own homosexuality and his love of the classics to help him solve some riddles of his identity.) Yet Mendelsohn's search for his family story is in fact a way to communicate the pathos of the Holocaust, not an expropriation of it. His sentimentality welcomes us into the private life of a single family devastated by the Holocaust, permitting us to identify with it and thereby gain emotional access to a tragedy that is at once inescapable and elusive. He writes that there are two reasons to visit Auschwitz. The first is for the sheer evidence. "The second is sentimental. For the other reason you to go Auschwitz is the reason you to go a cemetery, which is something that Auschwitz also happens to be: to acknowledge the claims of the dead." ■

FILMS

The Queen Is Dead

STUART KLAWANS

FORTY-FOURTH NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL

The honor of France was at stake last spring when Sofia Coppola's *Marie Antoinette* premiered at Cannes to a continuous accompaniment of hoots and whistles—"a welcome," *Le Monde* reported, "even colder than the one reserved for *The Da Vinci Code*." Note that "reserved." The festival audience, ripe tomatoes at the ready, surely knew that decades earlier, in *Si Versailles m'était conté*, Sacha Guitry had given the French monarchy a storybook treatment no more fanciful than Coppola's pop-rock approach. But Guitry had looked at French history from within; Coppola was doing it from without.

That's why I'm glad to have watched *Marie Antoinette* not at Cannes but at the New York Film Festival, where an estrangement from eighteenth-century France could be perceived as the movie's point instead of its problem.

Even before the Cure and Bow Wow Wow had drowned out Rameau on the soundtrack—before a pair of sneakers had shown up amid the heroine's piles of footwear, or Asia Argento (as Du Barry) had complained, in fluent Brooklynese, that "Nobuddy treats me like a lady heah"—Coppola had estimated the gap between

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Listen to TV at your own level without disturbing others.

"TV Ears saved our marriage!"

–Darlene and Jack B., CA

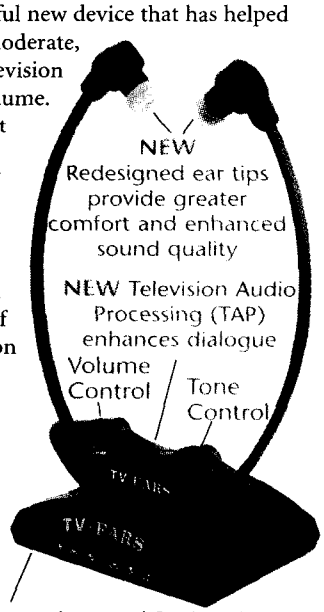
TV Ears is better than ever!

- **Sharper Sound- No Interference.** 2.3Mhz technology provides a clearer signal for superior sound quality without interference and frequency drifting. Line-of-sight coverage up to 900 square feet.
- **Comfortable and convenient.** New patented TV Ear Tips provide greater comfort and superior sound quality. The new quick-charge base fully recharges the headset in just 1 hour.
- **TAP (Television Audio Processing) Technology.** New circuitry lifts program dialogue above soundtrack and background noise for the ultimate TV listening experience.

TV Ears® 2 is powerful (120 dB), and features voice enhancement technology to make hard to hear words easier to understand and keep background sounds in the background. Beware of cheap TV headsets that are limited in output and inferior in quality.

Audiologist-recommended TV Ears® 2 has helped thousands enjoy TV without cranking up the volume, now it's new and improved.

More than 32 million Americans have some degree of hearing loss. If you struggle to hear TV, or family members complain the TV is too loud, you need TV Ears® 2! TV Ears® 2 is a powerful new device that has helped thousands of people with mild, moderate, or severe hearing loss hear the television clearly without turning up the volume. Now you can listen to television at your own level while others may adjust the volume to fit theirs. TV Ears® 2 helps you hear every word clearly. Imagine watching your favorite programs, and actually being able to hear every word and sound— it will change your life! If you are dealing with the frustration and arguments that come with turning up your TV volume too loud...read on.



Transmitter and Recharging Base
NEW recharges headset in just one hour and operates up to 10 hours!
(Base can charge two headsets)

From Dr. John W. House, president of the House Ear Institute

"I have found patients with mild to moderate hearing loss gain the most benefit from TV Ears® 2. They are the patients who do not wear hearing aids or do not use them at home. They use TV Ears® 2 because other members of the family complain that the TV is too loud. I personally use them to watch TV while I'm riding my exercise bike. I can have the volume of the TV low and therefore not bother my family with the loud TV."

"Now my husband can have the volume as loud as he needs...and I can have the TV at my hearing level. "TV Ears" are so uncumbersome that Jack forgets he has them on! He can once again hear and understand the dialogue. We have given "TV Ears" as a gift to dear friends. They are absolutely the finest product." Sincerely

— Darlene and Jack B., CA

Try them yourself! If you aren't totally amazed...send them back! We're so sure you'll be absolutely astonished with the increase in sound and clarity when using the TV Ears® 2 that we're backing them with *first*STREET's exclusive in-home 90-day trial. If you aren't completely satisfied, simply return them for the product purchase price.

TV Ears® 2 Item# TE-3874

was ~~$119.95~~ . . . . . Now $99.95

Call now and get FREE shipping.

Free shipping within the contiguous 48 states only.

Ask about our special price on additional headsets

Please mention promotional code 31982.

For fastest service, call toll-free 24 hours a day

1-800-340-3666

To order by mail, please call for details, or go to

www.tvearsdirect.com

Market research test limited time only.

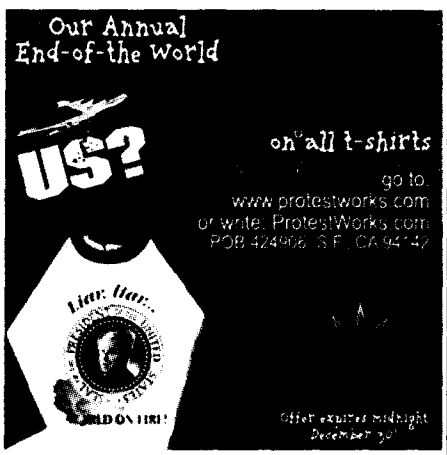
*first*STREET®
SEE IT HERE FIRST

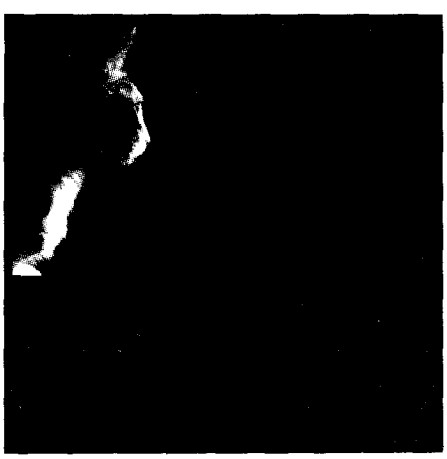
1998 Ruffin Mill Road
Colonial Heights, VA 23834

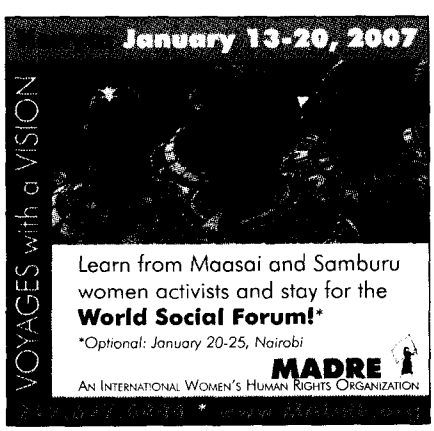
47881 All rights reserved. © 2005 TechnoBrands®, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Coexist
"COEXIST" available in tee, bag, mug, and more.
Products for Progressives since 1979.
Northern Sun Merchandising
T-SHIRTS • BUMPERSTICKERS • BUTTONS • CUSTOM PRINTING
CALL FOR A NEW! FREE CATALOG • 800.258.8579 XTN
WWW.NORTHERNSUN.COM






January 13-20, 2007
VOYAGES with a VISION
Learn from Maasai and Samburu women activists and stay for the
World Social Forum!*
*Optional: January 20-25, Nairobi
MADRE
An International Women's Human Rights Organization

Marie's era and our own and gauged it, correctly, as unbridgeable. The unit of measurement: Kirsten Dunst's gaze. In the opening scene—filmed as a single emblematic shot—Dunst is discovered reclining in a lavender boudoir in which she turns her head and looks knowingly into the camera. This playful, simulated eye contact makes Marie seem to acknowledge her audience across a distance of centuries, while in the same gesture it exposes Dunst as a film actress—a modern counterfeit, posed within the semi-authentic trappings of Versailles.

When *Marie Antoinette* works (which is about two-thirds of the time, I'd guess), it tilts slightly toward this admission of imposture. Geopolitical maneuverings, court etiquette, the entirely public nature of the royal marriage bed: These French historical realities remain timebound and factual in Coppola's film, rather than being converted into metaphors for some present-day situation in another part of the world. But the actors who pretend to live out the events—principally Dunst as Marie and Jason Schwartzman as the beamish boy fated to be Louis XVI—are emphatically Anglo-American and contemporary. Dunst remains Peter Parker's romantic ideal, the unaffected, scrub-faced girl next door; and Schwartzman is still the slacker who wears a distracted expression, as if worried that someone will ask him a question he can't answer. To see these two dancing together—grace hand in hand with self-consciousness—is a lovely joke in itself. To see them impersonating Marie and Louis is a minor revelation, showing how people like them (and us) can barely comprehend the life of Versailles.

Guitry's droll pageantry is probably the wrong point of reference for this effect; and so, too, is the Modernist rigor of Roberto Rossellini's history films. Coppola's tone is more like that of Manoel de Oliveira's deadpan renditions of nineteenth-century novels, but lighter and sweeter, as befits a queen who was fond of meringue.

That said, the concoction goes a little flat. Like most stories that entail rising and falling action, *Marie Antoinette* loses energy as the characters stumble toward their end; and Coppola, at this point in her career, is not enough of a screenwriter to have overcome the problem. As a supplier of dialogue, she can be precise and surprising. As a director, she's a natural. (The wedding ceremony of Louis and Marie has all the sex that their marriage lacks. Marie winces, as if deflowered, when the ring is nudged onto her finger. Her bridal contract, blotted with ink, becomes the surrogate for a blood-stained sheet.) But when it comes to shaping the narrative, Coppola can think of nothing better than to follow a straight line, starting with Marie's departure from Austria in 1770 and shlepping on to her impending departure from this world.

I missed the deeper poignancy that Marie's later scenes might have evoked had a master such as Oliveira directed them. But the tired businessman in me enjoyed every joke, musical number and costume change in *Marie Antoinette*, while the critic could feel grateful for Coppola's intelligence, which let Marie be herself and not, say, a forerunner of the Bush twins.

France still has its honor; and so too, I think, does the New York Film Festival.

It's a tease to praise movies that can't be found in the theaters; so until some of my favorite selections in this year's New York Film Festival go into release, I will hold off writing about them. I long to tell you that *Syndromes and a Century* by Apichatpong Weerasethakul is as refreshing as a perfectly ripened mango, and that Bong Joon-ho's *The Host* carries forward the monster-movie tradition with a wit and a brio that are as uncontainable as the story's rampaging, computer-animated amphibian. But you see, I refrain.

Here, though, are a few more festival pictures that you can sample now.

Climates, by writer-director Nuri Bilge Ceylan, tracks the unhappiness of a couple through three regions of Turkey: from the sunny Aegean coast (where the characters vacation miserably) to Istanbul under perpetual thunderclouds to the snowy, mountainous east. The topography changes, but the faces and emotional patterns don't. Isa (played by Ceylan) is an architectural historian who still hasn't finished his dissertation, though he's reached his mid-40s. His face is long, asymmetrical and sardonic, so that he looks at times like John Cassavetes covered by whitish stubble. His body, though still lean, is apparently subject now to the pains of aging; he sleeps with his head in a bureau drawer to relieve his aching neck. The conspicuously younger Bahar (played by the director's wife, Ebru Ceylan) works as a production designer for television dramas—which means that while Isa is perpetually getting ready to write about art, Bahar actually makes some, though without receiving any intellectual credit for it. Bahar's lustrous long hair, soft lips and dreamy, wide-set eyes make of her face a deep, gorgeous pool where sorrow wells up in alternation with rage.

Isa breaks with Bahar (who is fed up anyway); he cats around Istanbul; then he

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

chases off to the provinces, where he tries to persuade Bahar to quit work for him. In outline, the story is simple. In realization, it's startling, alarming, extreme. When characters grapple on the floor (as they do for minutes on end in one sequence), they don't quit until they've shoved themselves right into the camera. When they erupt into violence (as Bahar and Isa do in one dreadful incident), you fear for them and the actors, too, who apparently risked their necks for the scene. Some viewers have called *Climates* beautiful, and I suppose it is, with its ruins and meteorology, its seascapes and mountainscapes and grungily picturesque lanes. But the film's most memorable images, by far, are its faces; its most powerful forces are confused, unstoppable desires.

Little Children, by contrast, seems a sedate affair, as mannered in its suburban American way as *Marie Antoinette*. Whereas *Climates* is suggestive and elliptical in its storytelling, *Little Children* is ample and expository. There's even an all-knowing, slightly amused narrator to explain the characters to you in voiceover, as if this were an installment of *Desperate Housewives* or *Grey's Anatomy*.

This is merely to say that wounds borne lightly can still hurt.

Directed by Todd Field (*In the Bedroom*), based on a novel by Tom Perrotta (*Election*), *Little Children* is the story of an adulterous love affair carried out by a woman who is too smart for the life she's leading and a man who's a little too dumb. Sarah (Kate Winslet) used to study literature, but now she holes up in one room of her big, overdecorated house (the better to avoid her creepy husband) and shuttles her young daughter to the playground, where she has nothing, but nothing, in common with the other mothers. The equally unemployed Brad (Patrick Wilson) tries to mollify his daunting wife by pretending to study for the bar exam (he's flunked it repeatedly). Daytimes, while she's at work, he shuttles their young son to the same playground that Sarah frequents, where he serves as an object of fascination for the mothers. "The Prom King," they call him. As if on a dare (whether from herself or the other women, who can say), Sarah introduces herself to Brad one morning and cadges from him a hug and a kiss. By the third reel, they're banging away energetically in the laundry room, while the kids nap upstairs behind one of those useful accordion gates.

"Do you feel bad about this?" they ask in the aftermath. Understanding themselves to be good people, they would like to feel bad. But worse people live in the neighborhood—a paroled sex offender (Jackie Earle Haley), a raging ex-cop (Noah Emmerich)—and summer days are long.

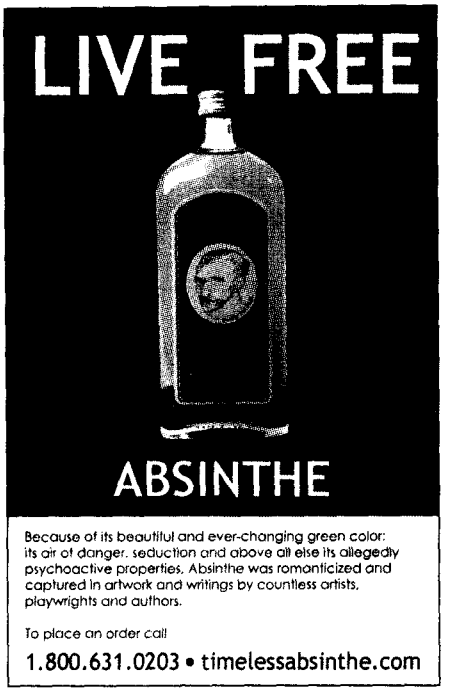
All this is funny and touching but also familiar—so familiar that at one point Sarah can be roped into a book club meeting where the suburban ladies discuss *Madame Bovary*. It's perhaps a mark of the story's conventionality that some of the minor characters (Haley in particular) register more vividly than the leads. And yet Field's effortlessly fluent, impeccably timed direction moves the film along as if it were all freshly observed, while Winslet and Wilson, in a triumph of nuanced, unshowy acting, bring the shadow of desperation and dangerousness to the surface of good, normal people.

Fewer documentaries than usual were included in this edition of the New York Film Festival—but one of them was Michael Apted's *49 Up*, and that counts for seven in itself.

Not so much a film as a lifelong project, *49 Up* began in 1964 as a one-off television program, in which the producers brought together and interviewed a disparate group of 7-year-old girls and boys. The initial show "had a sly, ingenuous surface," Apted recalls, which hid a "fierce indictment of the British class system." The program proposed that these children, who so charmingly lisped the prejudices of their elders, might provide a glimpse of England in the year 2000. To test that proposition, Apted every seven years has revisited as many of the subjects as would still speak with him.

What we have now, in *49 Up*, is an astonishing time-lapse photograph, not so much of England in the year 2006 as of a dozen varied people who have "grown fat and lost their hair" (as one of them says with an edgy pretense of good humor). Do their lives confirm the inflexibility of the class system? I'd say rather that they show how people have remained within changed classes. The East Enders, for example, are more prosperous than they might ever have imagined, but they have scattered from their old neighborhood, with its darker skinned people. The gender divide, meanwhile, is unaltered. The men talk more than the women do about their jobs; while the women (who as a group are relatively embittered) talk more than the men about mates, children and illness.

But these are generalities. The wonder of *49 Up* is its unfolding, within a little more than two hours, of so many specific lives: the taxi driver, the librarian, the barrister, the college professor, the mother on disability, the recovering madman. They've mostly followed the paths you might have predicted in 1964; and each of them is a surprise. ■



Because of its beautiful and ever-changing green color: its air of danger, seduction and above all else its allegedly psychoactive properties. Absinthe was romanticized and captured in artwork and writings by countless artists, playwrights and authors.

To place an order call

1.800.631.0203 • timelessabsinthe.com

SHEROES WOMYN WARRIORS CALENDAR 2007!
365+ rebels, radicals, transgressors, all times/places.
See www.sheroescalendar.org, or send $18. to "Myers Center/Simmons," 300 The Fenway, Boston, MA 02115.

Atheists, Humanists, Freethinkers, Agnostics

you have a voice on Capitol Hill

Secular Coalition for America

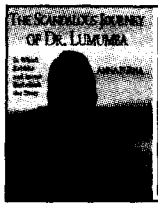
for more information visit us at

www.secular.org

when sh happens, wipe it away!**
(the perfect gift)

order your toilet paper at
wipeyourbushwithbush.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Religion + Orgasm = God
(R+O=G)
The next equation to rock the world.
The Scandalous Journey of
Dr. Lumumba *by Anna Purna*
(888) 280-7715
www.authorhouse.com

THE SUBORNING OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY
JOHN J COX
Our political system has been corrupted by corporate money. The corporate voice drowns out the voice of the people and this must change or we do not live in a true democracy.
www.publishamerica.com/shopping/shopdisplayproducts.asp?Search=Yes
Available at:
• B. Dalton, Livingston N.J. (973) 994-2250
• Ingram, Baker & Taylor (800) 233-8467

EVENTS

ILLINOIS

John Nichols

■ League of Women Voters of Chicago presents John Nichols, co-author of *Tragedy and Farce* and correspondent for *The Nation* and the *Capital Times*. November 18, 2–4 PM. Columbia College, 1014 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, IL. For additional information call (312) 939-5935 ext. 27 or visit our website: www.LWVChicago.org. Tickets: $35 adults, $20 students with ID.

MINNESOTA

Sign of Life

■ Minneapolis artist Kim Matthews embraces the life force and earth spirits in her sculptures. Her skillful use of handmade paper and earthen dross may be viewed at www.kimmatthewsart.com. Opening reception: Friday, November 3, 5:30–7:30 PM. Exhibit: November 3–December 17. Signs of Life, Augsburg College Art Gallery, 2211 Riverside Ave., Minneapolis, MN 55454. (612) 330-1524. www.augsburg.edu/galleries/exhibition/index.html.

NEW YORK

Free Mumia Abu-Jamal Now

■ The Partisan Defense Committee's rally to "Free Mumia Abu-Jamal Now—An Innocent Man! Abolish the Racist Death Penalty!" will take place in NYC on October 28, 3 PM at the Salem United Methodist Church in Harlem, 2190 Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Blvd. For info, visit: partisandefense.org or call (212) 406-4252.

Make Your Vote Count

■ Been reading about problems in other states with new voting machines? Come to Make Your Vote Count, a free, nonpartisan panel discussion at the New York Society for Ethical Culture on Wednesday, October 25, 7 PM, 64th Street at Central Park West. Sponsored by the New York Society for Ethical Culture, Sierra Club–NYC Group, Community Free Democrats, Democracy for NYC. Info: www.dfnyc.org or (212) 252-4918.

Tribes Gallery

■ Chris Twomey, "Madonna Series," a multimedia installation including DVD, mixed-media paintings and prints opens at Tribes Gallery, November 2, 6–9 PM, and runs through November 30. Twomey resamples a classical theme to mine history, religious tenets and genetic self-identity. Tribes Gallery, 285 E. 3rd St., 2nd floor, NYC 10009. Hours: Tuesday–Sunday, 12–6 PM. More info: (212) 674-8262 or www.tribes.org. *A Gathering of the Tribes* issue No. 11 in bookstores now. This issue features poetry by Sapphire, Hal Sirowitz, Fay Chang, Julie Ezelle Patton, Lois Ellaine Griffith and Gavin Moses; photography by Lloyd McNeill and Gerard H. Gaskin; art by Faith Ringgold and Chitra Ganesh; and interviews with violinist Regina Carter, choreographer Bill T. Jones and avant-garde composer Elliot Sharp.

Barbara Ehrenreich

■ Dos Pueblos New York–Tipitapa Sister City Project. Celebrating nineteen years of solidarity with the people of Nicaragua. Featuring journalist and author Barbara Ehrenreich and music presented by John Fisher with Jenny Murphy, Jim Rogers and Steve Siegelbaum. Sunday, November 5, 5–7 PM at the home of Helen Rosenthal and Carmen Marino. 225 West 83rd St., New York, NY. Information: (646) 610-2215. RSVP nov5event@tipitapa.org or Dos Pueblos 2576 Broadway, #305, New York, NY 10025.

Opposition Politics

■ Lewis Lapham and Gary Younge on Creating a Real Opposition Force in American Politics. Friday, November 10, 6:30 PM. The New School, Tishman Auditorium, 66 West 12th St. Admission: $8. Tickets: (212) 229-5488 or boxoffice@newschool.edu. Now that the midterm elections have passed, what will really change? While electing Democrats is the establishment's only prescription to counteract six disastrous years of Republican control in Washington, few people have any illusions that the Democratic Party represents a true opposition force in American politics. From their slavish devotion to corporate dominion to their hawkish support for Bush's endless global war, chances are that the Democratic Party's fate in the midterm elections will have little impact on the biggest issues of the day. Join two of the country's favorite columnists, Gary Younge, the *Guardian* newspaper's US correspondent and author of *Stranger in a Strange Land: Encounters in the Disunited States*, and Lewis Lapham, longtime editor and now editor emeritus of *Harper's* magazine (winner of the National Magazine Award for his column's "exhilarating point of view in an age of conformity") and author of *Pretensions to Empire: Notes on the Criminal Folly of the Bush Administration*, for a discussion about what it will take to create a real opposition movement in America. Co-sponsored by The New School and The New Press.

The advertising deadline for Events is every Thursday. Rates: $200 for 50 words; $250 for 75 words, additional words (above 75) $2.00 each. To place an ad, call Leigh at (212) 209-5414.

Classified

While we reserve the right to edit, reject or reclassify any advertisement, The Nation *wishes its readers to know we don't have the facilities to check the promises made by our advertisers, and we have a strong presumption against censoring any advertisement, especially if we disagree with its politics.*

ACTIVISM

INVESTIGATE FOR YOURSELF! A great World Teacher is here with practical solutions to our most critical problems. Justice, reason and peace will prevail. Free CD, (888) 242-8272 share-international.org/nat.

COUNTDOWN TO NOVEMBER 7! www.sagacious-smartass.com.

VOTE PEACE NOW! PeaceCandidates@Peaceispatriotic.org.

WHAT'S IRV? Enter to Win $1,000. VoteIRV.org.

ANCIENT SECRETS

PROOF JESUS FICTIONAL. Scholarly booklet conclusively proves Flavius Josephus (Romans) created fictional Jesus, authored gospels. Amazing but absolutely incontrovertible! $10, Abelard, Box 5652-A, Kent, WA 98064. (Details, SASE.)

BLOGS/WEB

POLITICALBOONDOGGLES.COM. Bushie's conspiratorial lies, foibles and miscalculations satirized in rhymed verse and song parodies.

$1 MILLION. Easy money to the true believer. www.Pixwit.com.

BOOKS

DUST, DRUGS AND THE DEPRESSION by Hugh Page. Memoir of survival. Dysfunction. The Depression. 1930s. www.shop.com.

A CRITIQUE OF THE CONSERVATIVE MIND... Why liberality must overcome conservatism: see www.democraticcritique.us.

THE DEATH AND ASCENSION OF CALVIN C.: (A Conservative Politician's Rise to Grace) by SM Nona. A religious conservative governor executes an innocent man. A Congressman promotes a war, killing thousands. A senator defends human embryos. An insider lobbyist gets rich. What happens when a politician dies? You must experience *Calvin's Day of Judgment*. (888) 232-4444. trafford.com/06-0347.

TRAPPED IN OHIO by Michael Fidler. History professor travels to Ohio to avenge the 2004 election. http://tinyurl.com/lst3u.

SPANKING STORIES! 35-page catalogue. Send $3 to CF Publications, P.O. Box 706N, Setauket, NY 11733.

COMES THE MILLENNIUM: *It's Still Tough to Be Jewish* by Sidney I. Silverman. Fight anti-Semitism! Learn how, in over one hundred years, my immigrant family, with pride, coped with the pernicious prejudice. Buy my book and rejoice! Online @ Amazon, Borders, Barnes & Noble and Xlibris. Tel: (888) 795-4274.

HOW TO CHEAT ON YOUR WIFE AND NEVER GET CAUGHT! Hilarious, 120-page guide for cheaters and spouses alike! Download at www.delraybeachtoolanddie.com.

COURT-MARTIAL ADVOCATE

WWW.COURTMARTIALATTORNEY.COM.

EDUCATION

WE ARE PROGRESSIVE EDUCATORS conducting research on college teachers who challenge more than accommodate students. In confidence: mikada@aol.com.

ICADS offers two award-winning, full-credit semester-abroad programs and a monthly intensive Spanish training program, both with internship options. Learn, participate, grow and become fluent while working for the education, health, environment and rights of others. Programs in Costa Rica and Nicaragua. Great gap year option. Write us: www.icads.org.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Classified

EDUCATION

ATTENTION SOCIAL STUDIES EDUCATORS: *The Nation* magazine will be exhibiting at the upcoming National Council for the Social Studies conference in Washington, DC, December 1–2. Charles Bittner, *The Nation*'s academic liaison, will be presenting various teaching and research programs including The Nation Digital Archive and The Nation Classroom Program. Come visit Booth No. 352 to see the latest political buttons and bumper stickers, and benefit from the lowest available subscription price to *The Nation*!

FILM

RADICAL FILMS: Un-American Activities, China, Cuba, Rosenberg Case, Robert Franklin Williams, Impeach Bush. www.radfilms.com.

GOURMET FOOD

VEGETARIAN MEAL DELIVERY SERVICE. Manhattan to New Paltz, NY, delivery. Healthy, heartbreakingly delicious meals prepared by a professional, political chef. www.lagustasluscious.com or (845) 255-8VEG.

HOLISTIC HEALTH

AIR & WATER PURIFIERS, ionizers, germ masks, solar ovens, heaters, survival products and more. Free shipping. www.eHealthSupplies.com.

LIBERAL LIAISONS

GREENSINGLES.COM—Free photo ads for progressive singles in the environmental, vegetarian and animal rights communities. Searchable listings for friendship, dating, marriage. Since 1985. www.GreenSingles.com.

RETIRED PROFESSIONAL LADY, late 60s, seeks gentleman for friendship only. Trips to theaters, museums etc.... European background preferred. Reply Nation box 406.

SENSUAL, STYLISH PHONE CONVERSATIONS with intelligence, humor and élan. Unrestricted, guaranteed discretion. Alexis (781) 581-9598.

EROTIC ADULT PHONE CONVERSATION with sensual, intelligent women. Any topic welcome! VISA/MC/AMEX. Call (888) 495-8255.

FETISHES AND FANTASIES fulfilled. Hot erotic talk with creative, sensuous woman. No limits. Personal, confidential. Call (866) 844-8286.

TAWNY FORD. Exquisitely erotic conversation. Live, personal, unhurried. (248) 615-1300. Credit cards, prepay. www.tawnyford.com.

YOUR SECRET is our secret. www.Secretsphonesex.com, (800) 344-2019.

FLEXIBLE, GOOD LISTENER, retired college teacher, 66. Politically active liberal. Like drama, travel, music: wide range. Religious liberal. Seeking female, 56–66, similar interests, nonsmoker, Cincinnati, OH, area. Reply Nation Box 425.

LESBIAN WRITER/TEACHER, 60, 5 feet 8, 127 lbs. Decent shape, feminine, seeks tall woman for God knows what. (A Bea Arthur type?) Southern California. Reply Nation Box 426.

SAN FRANCISCO MAVERICK: Tall, Dark, Handsome, Stanford '75. Guy seeks genteel, unattached, Left Coast Lady. Reply Nation Box 423.

RETIRED PROFESSOR OF EAST ASIAN HISTORY. Traveler, good listener. Seeks same for friendship and romance. tomdswift@hotmail.com.

ATTRACTIVE JEWISH MANHATTANITE, 59. Psychotherapist. Former 1960s activist, current soccer mom. Enjoys friends, movies, puttering. Seeks fun-loving man for LTR. Reply Nation Box 427.

LIBERAL LIAISONS

ACTIVIST MALE, 63, creative, sensitive, multi–performing arts psychotherapist, seeks warm, sensual, evolved female 50–62, metro New York. Reply Nation Box 428.

If responding to a Nation Box number, send replies to: Nation Box ___, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003.

MERCHANDISE

talk back tees

Liberal quotations, aphorisms and wit on colorful, cotton tees. $10.99 each. talkbacktees.com (800) 777-9242

AS BUSH LIES AND SPIES, OUR FREEDOM DIES. 3-color bumper sticker, 3/$5. Bulk pricing. P.E. Opheim, PO Box 1252, Gig Harbor, WA 98335.

EXPRESS YOURSELF! Stickers, shirts, buttons, emblems and more—www.EvolveFISH.com. (800) 386-5846 for catalogue or to order now.

FREE BUMPER STICKER Call: (800) 630-1330 or see www.fcnl.org. Friends Committee on National Legislation.

LETTERS FROM SANTA PERSONALIZED. Includes free ornament. $4.99, plus S&H. Order by December 4! (360) 635-8948. www.officialholidayletters.com. Use coupon code "thenation" to get 10 percent off online orders!

POSITIONS AVAILABLE

***NATION* STUDENT OUTREACH:** Attention student activists! If you're involved in organizing a progressive event, lecture or film festival on your campus or in your community and would like to distribute copies of *The Nation*, please let us know by calling (212) 209-5416.

THE *NATION* MAGAZINE SEEKS freelance direct-mail copywriters for its fundraising and circulation departments. Candidates must be highly creative, intelligent writers with extensive experience writing promotional copy for direct mail solicitations and a successful track record. Familiarity with and affinity for progressive issues and willingness to work at *Nation* rates a plus. Please send letters of inquiry and samples to Peggy Randall, The Nation, 33 Irving Place, 8th Floor, New York NY 10003 or e-mail prandall@thenation.com. No calls please.

AT LAST, ONE SOURCE for progressive job listings, publishing twice each month. www.changeworks.org. (866) 276-7201.

JEWISH VOICE FOR PEACE SEEKS NATIONAL DIRECTOR for chapter-based organization dedicated to promoting a US foreign policy in the Middle East based on respect for international law. Download job description: www.JewishVoiceforPeace.org.

PSYCHOTHERAPY

CHICAGO PSYCHOTHERAPIST, twenty-two years, all issues including depression, anxiety, relationships, concerns of artists, academics and students. Sliding scale, insurance. Deborah Hellerstein, LCSW. (312) 409-9516.

SAN FRANCISCO PSYCHOTHERAPIST: treats depression, anxiety, relationship issues, crises and trauma. Consultation available. CC accepted. Paula Holt, LCSW, www.paulabranchholt.com. (415) 289-6990.

PSYCHOTHERAPY

WOMAN CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST, twenty-five years' experience. Insight-oriented and analytic. Free consultation. Sliding scale. Mutually agreed-upon fees. Insurance accepted. Carnegie Hall vicinity. Margaret Kinder, PhD. (212) 582-5508.

DOWNTOWN NEW YORK THERAPIST. Creativity and its discontents. Artists, activists, academics and all. Robert McVey, CSW. (212) 330-7114.

MEDICARE FOR ALL someday. For now, help for seniors and those disabled. Experienced Midtown Manhattan psychotherapist. Cuyler Christianson, LCSW. (212) 245-2161.

REAL ESTATE

SANTA FE PROGRESSIVE REALTOR® seeks same in clients. Peter Kahn, Prudential Santa Fe (800) 418-1221 x171 toll free. (505) 690-4840 mobile or pkahn@keshi.com.

LOS ANGELES/SOUTH BAY PROGRESSIVE REALTOR seeks progressive clients. Phil Lucero with TRG. (310) 722-5067. phil_lucero@msn.com.

MANHATTAN STATE OF MIND. Downtown specialist. Renters/Relocators. Dedicated, progressive broker. Bruce Fields, (917) 734-6979, bruce.fields@gmail.com.

SANDPOINT, IDAHO. Progressive Realtor® seeks like-minded clients. Very experienced in all aspects of real estate. Beth Hall. (208) 610-5858, bhall@exitrealtysandpoint.com.

ALBUQUERQUE REALTOR. Sustainable. Home. Community. Paul Chavez, EcoBroker® with Earth Origins Realty LLC. (866) 688-1228, paul@earthoriginsrealty.com.

NOVA SCOTIA. 1810 Scottish farmhouse, four stone fireplaces. Twenty-eight acres. Plus private waterfront cove near Baddeck, Cape Breton. $220,000 US. jertel@ns.sympatico.ca or (902) 295-3600.

COCOA BEACH, FLORIDA. Realtor offers free lists of Spacecoast Properties. (321) 403-3333. Pat@Patsuit.com or www.PatSuit.com.

TRURO, CAPE COD. Water view, Custom Cape with wood detail, 3BR, 2Ba, fireplace, garage, deck. $649K. (607) 227-1993.

RENTALS

IDEAL FOR READERS/WRITERS. November–December. Week/month. Sunny, colorful one-bedroom condo. San Miguel, Mexico. Internet, cable. $400 week, $725 month. ebenedict@earthlink.net.

SPANISH STUDY

STUDY SOCIAL JUSTICE AND SPANISH year-round at CETLALIC—Progressive immersion school in Cuernavaca, Mexico. Special programs: women's issues, healthcare, education, religion, LGBT life and more: www.cetlalic.org.mx.

TRAVEL TOURS

TRAVEL WITH MADRE, an international women's human rights organization. See our ad on page 34.

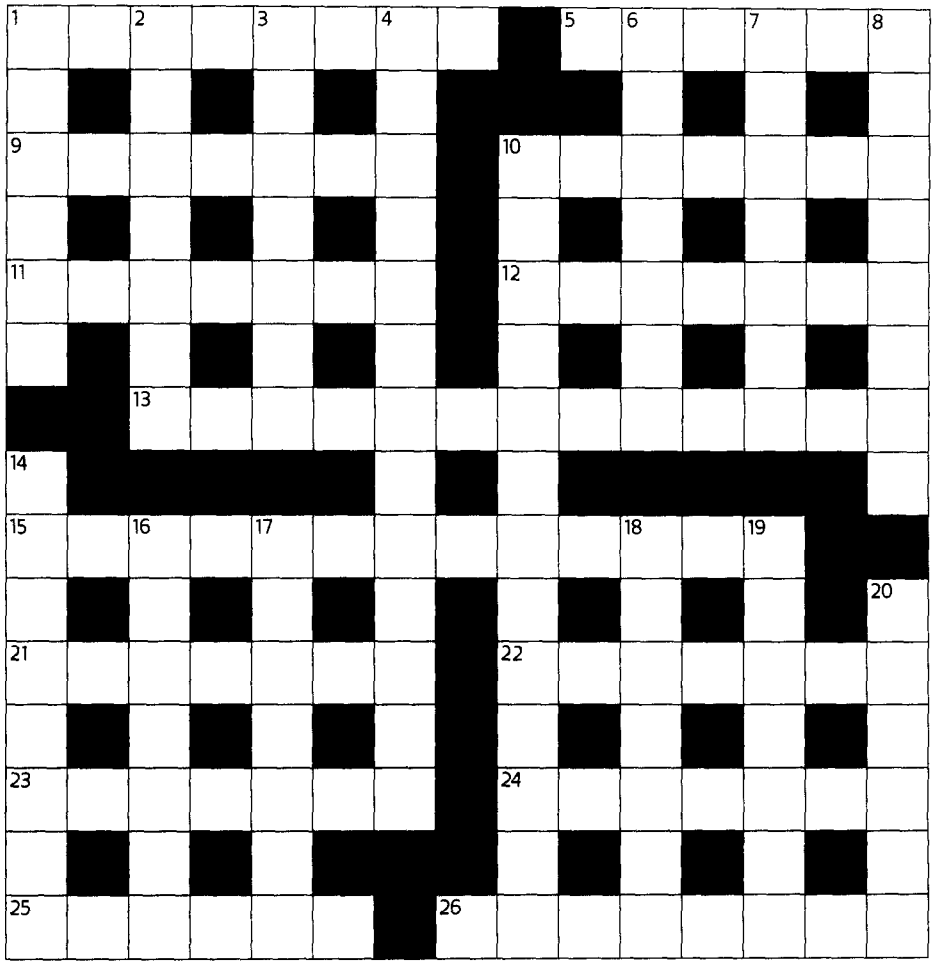
HOLIDAY ADVERTISING CLASSIFIED INFORMATION

Contact Leigh at (212) 209-5414 or leigh@thenation.com. Fax (212) 982-9000 or mail ad and payment to Classified, *The Nation*, 33 Irving Place, New York, NY 10003.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PUZZLE NO. 3055

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 One who doesn't tell the truth is in the German picture, describing the game table. (8)

5 Alias Y must make new arrangements for the right of sanctuary. (6)

9 They take care of goats, possibly. (7)

10 Dear, precious rock to the East, this is the feted one. (7)

11 The wrong net to cast, going to port, perhaps—to make a "wrap-around." (7)

12 Centrally placed note, with His Reverence in the distance with a large number. (6,1)

13 Certainly not a cultivated outburst, making a "Buck" for the reading public. (4,2,3,4)

15 Ready for business, with mixed beer to the left and the King of Beasts, showing that mutiny is overt. (4,9)

21 Rather threatening with the medico, like a bit of the shakes. (7)

22 Soft toy for baby makes silly talk. (7)

23 Onetime dance—perhaps done how a shuffle is done. (7)

24 Resonant or grandiloquent, it's too round, with nothing lacking. (7)

25 Sort of side street—a short one—so stop here. (6)

26 Bring the chief to confused rage and get a special hat. (4,4)

DOWN

1 The hill of battle, where some hid in the war. (6)

2 The fringe that's out of this world! (Moon in classic fashion, but a bit shaky finally.) (7)

3 First write down an OK! (7)

4 Evidently it was a bolder step for the essayist—it's accompaniment may be scrambled. (6,2,5)

6 Do wrong in the eyes of God, Ms. Falco, you'll be given no set date. (4,3)

7 Associated with rock music by the poet who began with "I don't know what it means." (Folk account with decoration!) (7)

8 O dear ace, just get it together to find the numbers to dial first. (4,4)

10 Nope, Thom Lee, he figures this is a number you might be asked for, along with the one at your place of employment. (4, 9)

14 Traditional place of punishment—court with a number to take off. (8)

16 They may remove the chalk marks made by mistaken seers about an old divinity— (7)

17 —but this divinity is not changed finally, getting a supply of food. (7)

18 Briefly, I draw no false presentation from it. (2,1,4)

19 Janet's ukelele introduces the fine Japanese figurine. (7)

20 Franklin meets the German for a drinking spree. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 3054

M	I	S	T	L	E	T	O	E		T	W	I	N	S
U		W		I		H		A		O		T		A
S	I	A	M	E	S	E		R	I	O	T	A	C	T
I		G		I		S		W		L		L		I
C	A	M		N	A	P	K	I	N		L	I	A	R
		A		S		I		G		A		A		I
P	U	N	C	T	U	A	L		S	T	A	N	D	S
O				A		N		B		M				T
S	E	D	A	T	E		C	A	L	O	R	I	E	S
T		R		E		P		C		S		D		
H	A	I	R		L	O	O	K	U	P		E	R	A
A		V		A		W		S		H		A		L
S	P	E	L	L	E	D		E	L	E	C	T	R	A
T		R		A		E		A		R		E		R
E	A	S	E	S		R	O	T	T	E	R	D	A	M

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At Last... A Back Pain Device that Really Works!

118,752 Back Pain sufferers were skeptical just like you – Now they tell all their friends about this amazing secret

Say Goodbye forever to agonizing back pain!

Whether you have lower back pain, a herniated disk, a back injury, arthritis, or sciatica, you can escape your back pain when you sit – and you can do it without surgery or drugs! You need the best way to prevent your back condition from being aggravated when you sit – the amazing BackJoy, The Back Orthotic™.

BackJoy works wherever you sit; at home, in your car, at work – everywhere

Imagine sitting at home without that pressure and tightness at the base of your back. How about driving your car without that aching soreness? Sit at work without that painful, burning strain. Go to dinner without being afraid of the chair, or sit through an entire movie or long flight without squirming in pain. Yes, you can have your life back.

BackJoy
The Back Orthotic™

- **Registered FDA Medical Device**
- **Improves posture – sit 3" taller**
- **Prevents back pain from starting**
- **Easy-to-Use: No Straps or Buckles**
- **Sit anyway you like**
- **Endorsed by Doctors, Nurses, Physical Therapists & Pharmacists**
- **Small, Lightweight & Portable – fits in a briefcase**
- **Washable Fabric**

For Men and Women of all Ages, Shapes, and Sizes

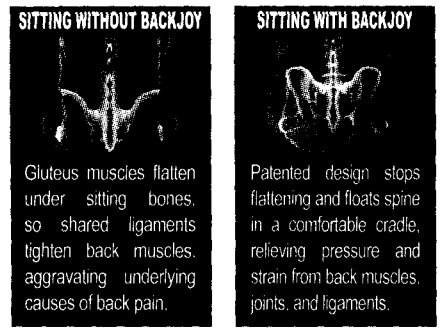
BackJoy's innovative and patented design requires it to be small, like a toilet seat. It's so small no one will know you are sitting on it. In fact, BackJoy must be smaller than your buttocks in order to work effectively. Whether your body is big or small, BackJoy works like a pain relieving shock absorber, floating your spinal system in a protective cradle.

"I found BackJoy useful for myself, and I recommend it to all my patients who have back problems. It's given me great relief."
- Marvin Weekstein, MD PC

"What a relief! After 16 years of nagging back problems, finally a product that really works!"
- Richard Storm Mobile AL

"I tried donuts, cushions, even the doctor. Nothing worked. Then I tried BackJoy. It was a miracle seat for me. I recommend it to anyone who suffers from Back Pain when sitting."
- Leann Shaw Richburg SC

BackJoy's Patented Orthotic Cradling System™ Floats Your Spinal System.


SITTING WITHOUT BACKJOY
Gluteus muscles flatten under sitting bones, so shared ligaments tighten back muscles, aggravating underlying causes of back pain.
SITTING WITH BACKJOY
Patented design stops flattening and floats spine in a comfortable cradle, relieving pressure and strain from back muscles, joints, and ligaments.

No Risk Free Trial We Trust You Send No Money!

At BackJoy, we understand how you've been disappointed by cushions, massagers, or other gimmicks that just don't work. BackJoy is guaranteed to end your pack pain and to prove it to you we will send you a BackJoy completely free of charge to try in your own home, car, or wherever you sit for a 30 Day risk free trial. We'll even pay to ship it to you!

Call now! 1-800-204-4695
or visit our website at
www.mybackjoy.com/na
Order Online and Save $20!

FREE TRIAL OFFER – SEND NO MONEY

☑ **YES!** I would love to sit with no back pain! Send me a BackJoy to try FREE for 30 days! Please include an invoice for only $49.95 plus $8.95 shipping and handling. (CA residents add 8.25% sale tax) If after 30 days I don't agree BackJoy helps relieve my back pain when I sit, I'll simply mark "cancel" on the invoice, return the BackJoy and there will be no charge to me.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State_____
Zip _____ Phone _____
Email _____
(In case we have a question about your order)

CALL NOW, OR MAIL TO:

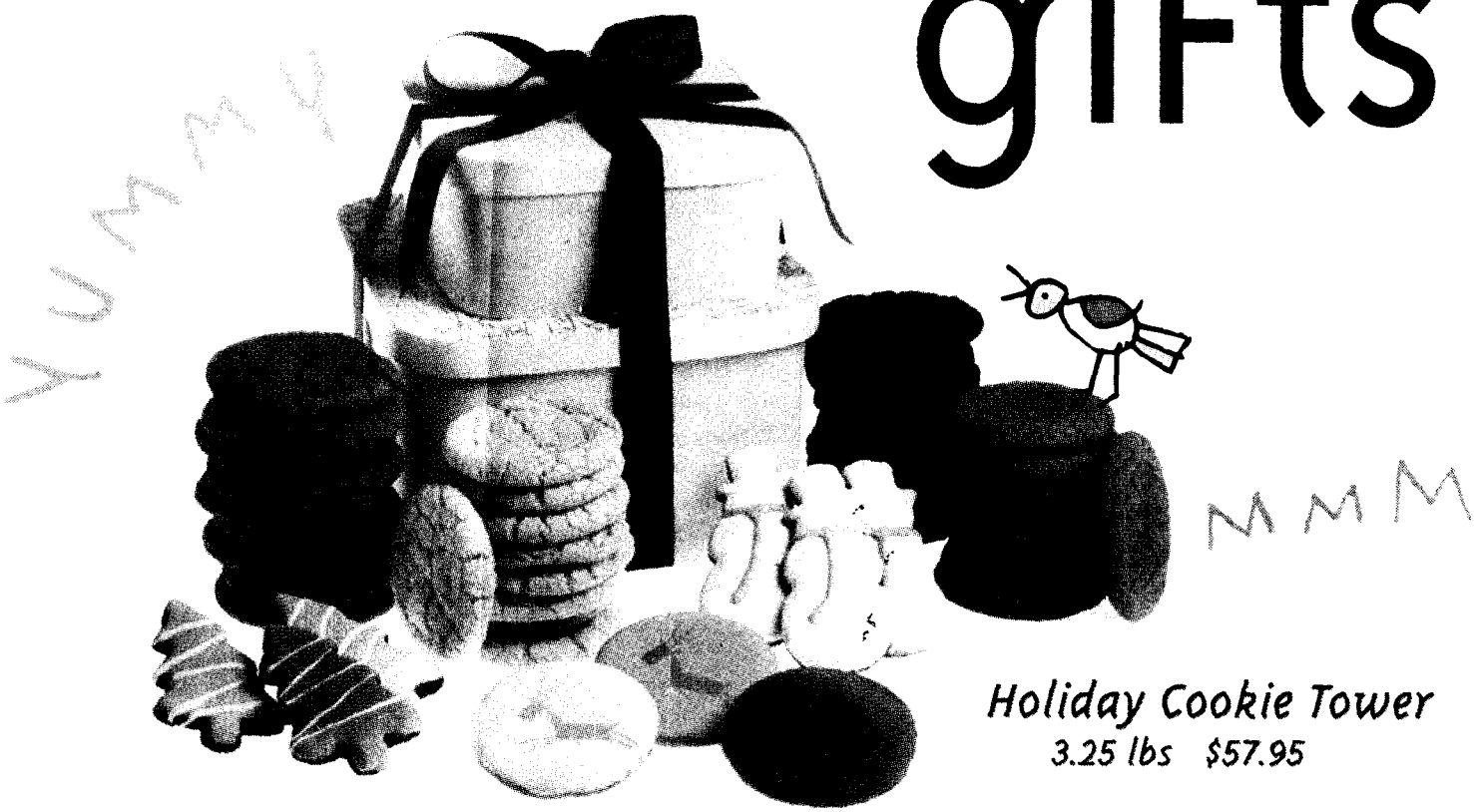
BackJoy, Dept NA.10.06
865 Via De La Paz PMB 198
Pacific Palisades, CA 90272
www.mybackjoy.com/na

©2006 BackJoy Orthotics, LLC 865 Via De La Paz PMB 198 Pacific Palisades, CA 90272

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DANCING DEER BAKING CO.

artful holiday gifts



Holiday Cookie Tower
3.25 lbs $57.95

- All-natural - Gourmet - YUMMY!
- Artful, fun, honest, "green" packaging
- Our social responsibility resonates in today's crazy world
  (Member of the Social Venture Network - a portion of this ad goes to support forwarding their mission.)

famous for our food & philosophy *We are passionate about food, nature, aesthetics and community. It shows in our food and also in our pile of honors, awards and happy customers. We bake from scratch with pure, quality ingredients, nothing artificial and only our best ideas. We try to make mindful, artful choices about what we eat, how we live, give... balance it all. Learn more at dancingdeer.com/newsletters*

888.699.DEER dancingdeer.com

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED